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JOHN TYNDALL.

Looking over the death-roll of the past year, we are more than once reminded of Lear's terrible fatalism:

"As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods,
They kill us for their sport."

Freeman, hardly beyond his prime, found his death in a Spanish inn, the victim of a pox-infected mattress. Symonds, with many fruitful years seemingly before him, was taken off by a cold that passed into pneumonia, while returning from the last of his Italian journeys. To Tchaikowsky, on a visit to St. Petersburg, death came in a pestilential draught of water, and Cholera marked him for her own in the fulness of his powers. Last of all, and most ironical in its accent, comes word that John Tyndall is dead, but from no blow dealt by the legitimate assailants of mortality. An overdose of chloral, given by the fatal error of a loving wife, has cut short that career, prematurely, we must say, although the best of his work was doubtless accomplished.

Professor Tyndall occupied a large place in English scientific thought, and the vacancy caused by his death will not easily be filled. His original researches resulted in important contributions to knowledge, especially in the domain of molecular physics. Although they do not place him in the first rank of nineteenth century Englishmen of science, they secure for him a high position in the second. He belongs with Professor Huxley and Lord Kelvin, rather than with Darwin and Maxwell. He had the German training, and he combined the German thoroughness with the English instinct for systematic and perspicuous presentation. Great as was his service in the character of an investigator, he did a still greater service to his countrymen in the character of an expositor. What Professor Huxley did for the new biology created by Darwin, was done by Professor Tyndall for the new physics created by Joule and Faraday and Maxwell. It is customary in certain quarters to sneer at popular science; and there is not a little popular science, so-called, which justifies the attitude of contempt. But no such reproach attaches to the work of men like Tyndall, whose knowledge of the subjects with which he dealt was both thorough and accurate. It is difficult to estimate the full value of the work done for the advancement of English public opinion in matters of science by the group of writers to which Tyndall belonged, and of which Professor Huxley is the most distinguished remaining representative. They came at just the right time, and they brought just the right kind of powers to their task. Without the labors of these men, the great nineteenth century revolution in physical and biological science would indeed have been, none the later, a *fait accompli*; but it would have taken much longer to reach the popular consciousness.

Professor Tyndall stood in the vanguard of the revolutionary forces, and bore the brunt of the battle. Twenty years ago, he incurred the *odium theologicum* by an article in "The Contemporary Review," proposing that the efficacy of prayer should be subjected to a scientific test. He little thought, good easy man, what a hornets' nest this cold-blooded suggestion would bring about his ears. When, in the year following this incident, he was presented at Oxford for the honorary doctorate, he found his candidacy bitterly opposed by one of the professors of divinity in the University, on the ground that his teachings contravened "the whole tenor of that book, which with its open page inscribed *Dominus illuminatio mea* the University still

bears as her device." Only a year later than this, his address before the Belfast meeting of the British Association, in which address he professed to discern in matter "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life," again aroused his theological opponents, and fanned afresh the flame of their zealous indignation. Only three or four years before these occurrences, Professor Huxley, in a lecture upon Descartes, speaking of the religious persecution of which that philosopher was a victim, had said: "There are one or two living men, who, a couple of centuries hence, will be remembered as Descartes is now, because they have produced great thoughts which will live and grow as long as mankind lasts. If the twenty-first century studies their history, it will find that the Christianity of the middle of the nineteenth century recognized them only as objects of vilification." The vilification to which Tyndall was subjected, in consequence of the acts above alluded to, came as a prompt and striking new illustration of Professor Huxley's remark.

Most earnest men, watching the world from day to day, get impatient because it moves so slowly. And yet, looking back over a few years, the same men will find cause for astonishment at the rapidity of its advance in this nineteenth century of ours. The Copernican doctrine required from one to two centuries to make its way; the Darwinian doctrine accomplished an equal revolution of thought in one or two decades. The suggestions that seemed so startling when made by Tyndall twenty years ago would to-day hardly cause a ripple of excitement anywhere. Few intelligent people, whatever their religious beliefs, are now shocked at the admission of spontaneous generation as a necessary link in the evolutionary chain, and few of them hold to a doctrine of prayer that invites such tests as that proposed by Tyndall in the early seventies. Of recent years, Tyndall has been assailed by the politicians almost as vehemently as he was once assailed by the theologians, and time will bring him a justification similar to that which it has brought him in the earlier controversy. In his denunciation of the recent Gladstonian attempt to dismember the United Kingdom he joined himself with such men as Tennyson and Matthew Arnold, and his memory need fear no defeat in that alliance.

The noble intellectual temper of the man that has just died, the bent of mind which we venture to call essentially religious in spite of the religious antagonisms which it evoked, and the eloquence of expression that he knew how to im-

part to the subjects which so deeply concerned him, may most fittingly be illustrated by the closing paragraph of the famous Belfast Address :

"And now the end is come. With more time, or greater strength and knowledge, what has been here said might have been better said, while worthy matters here omitted might have received fit expression. But there would have been no material deviation from the views set forth. As regards myself, they are not the growth of a day; and as regards you, I thought you ought to know the environment which, with or without your consent, is rapidly surrounding you, and in relation to which some adjustment on your part may be necessary. A hint of Hamlet's, however, teaches us all how the troubles of common life may be ended; and it is perfectly possible for you and me to purchase intellectual peace at the price of intellectual death. The world is not without refuges of this description; nor is it wanting in persons who seek their shelter and try to persuade others to do the same. I would exhort you to refuse such shelter, and to scorn such base repose — to accept, if the choice be forced upon you, commotion before stagnation, the leap of the torrent before the stillness of the swamp. In the one there is at all events life, and therefore hope; in the other, none. I have touched on debatable questions, and led you over dangerous ground — and this partly with the view of telling you, and through you the world, that as regards these questions science claims unrestricted right of search. It is not to the point to say that the views of Lucretius and Bruno, of Darwin and Spencer, may be wrong. Here I should agree with you, deeming it indeed certain that these views will undergo modification. But the point is, that, whether right or wrong, we claim the right to discuss them. The ground which they cover is scientific ground; and the right claimed is one made good through tribulation and anguish, inflicted and endured in darker times than ours, but resulting in the immortal victories which science has won for the human race. I would set forth equally the inexorable advance of man's understanding in the path of knowledge, and the unquenchable claims of his emotional nature which the understanding can never satisfy. The world embraces not only a Newton, but a Shakespeare — not only a Boyle, but a Raphael — not only a Kant, but a Beethoven — not only a Darwin, but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary — not mutually exclusive, but reconcilable. And if, still unsatisfied, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking so to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith, so long as this is done, not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs — then, in opposition to all the restrictions of materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the *creative* faculties of man. Here, however, I must quit a theme too great for me to handle, but which will be handled by the loftiest minds ages after you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have melted into the infinite azure of the past."

This fine peroration, which we have quoted in

its entirety, serves better than a volume of comment to explain the influence which Tyndall has exerted upon his contemporaries, and especially upon the younger generation. The scientist of the dryasdust type may scoff at it as mere rhetoric, but it has stirred many of its readers as with a trumpet-call to steadfastness and honesty of purpose in the pursuit of truth. The power to write in this fashion, backed by the power to employ the most rigorous of scientific methods in his own researches, made of Tyndall one of the most vital of the directive intellectual forces of his age, and brings to his memory a host of mourners who early caught the contagion of his spirit, and have sought to follow in his footsteps.

BIOGRAPHY AND BIBLIOGRAPHY.

John Tyndall was born August 21, 1820, in the village of Leighlin Bridge, Carlow, Ireland. His parents were poor, and could give him only a common-school education. In 1839 he took a position with the Irish Ordnance Survey. In 1844, he became a railway engineer. In 1847, he became a teacher in Queenwood College, Hants, a technical school. Here he met Dr. Frankland, and his studies were definitely turned in the direction of physical science. The next year he went to Germany, and studied at Marburg under Bunsen and others. From Marburg he went to Berlin and there continued his studies under Magnus. His first scientific paper was on screw-surfaces, and his second a study in the magnetic properties of crystals. The latter was published in 1850. He then returned to England, and settled in London, where he became acquainted with Faraday. In 1852 he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and in 1853 was appointed a professor of natural philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain. He afterwards succeeded Faraday as Superintendent of that Institution. He had already, as early as 1849, visited the Alps for recreation, and the habit thus acquired lasted for the rest of his lifetime, resulting, among other things, in that classic of mountaineering, "Hours of Exercise in the Alps" (1871). His first scientific expedition to the Alps was made in 1856, in company with Professor Huxley, and resulted in the joint treatise "On the Structure and Motion of Glaciers." Other fruits of his Alpine experiences were the "Glaciers of the Alps" (1860), and "A Vacation Tour" (1863). In 1859 he began his researches in radiant heat, which resulted in the works, "Heat as a Mode of Motion" (1863), "On Radiation" (1865), and "Contributions to Molecular Physics in the Domain of Radiant Heat." He published a work on "Sound" in 1865, and a similar volume on "Light" in 1870. Other publications of this period were "Faraday as a Discoverer" (1868), "On the Scientific Use of the Imagination" (1870), the first volume of "Fragments of

Science" (1871), and "The Forms of Water" (1872). In this latter year he lectured in the United States, giving thirty-five addresses in all. These lectures were largely attended, and the net proceeds, amounting to \$23,000, were placed in the hands of a committee to be used for the endowment of research in American colleges. Cambridge had made him an LL.D. in 1855 and Edinburgh in 1866; in 1873 Oxford made him, despite the protest of the theologians, a D.C.L. The Belfast Address was given in 1874. In 1876 he married the eldest daughter of Lord Claud Hamilton. He has held a number of posts under the English government. Among his later works may be mentioned "On the Transmission of Sound by the Atmosphere" (1874), "Lessons in Electricity" (1876), "Fermentation" (1877), "Essays on the Floating Matter of the Air" (1881), and a second series of the popular "Fragments of Science" (1892). He died on the fourth of this month at his home in Haslemere, Surrey.

RADCLIFFE COLLEGE.

The change of name and of constitution whereby the Harvard Annex has become Radcliffe College calls for the heartiest congratulations from all workers in behalf of the higher education of women. At the same time, the nature of the change effected has been in some respects misinterpreted by the newspaper reports. To correct mistaken impressions, we reprint the resolutions in which the new plan is formulated. These resolutions were passed by the Annex Corporation, and accepted by the Corporation and Overseers of the University.

"Voted, That it is desirable to change the name of this corporation to Radcliffe College, and that proper legal steps be taken to effect that change.

"Voted, That it is desirable that this corporation give degrees in arts and sciences, and that a committee of three persons be appointed by the president to take steps to obtain from the legislature the necessary power.

"Voted, That the president and fellows of Harvard College be and hereby are made and appointed the visitors of this corporation, and hereby vested with all visitorial power and authority as fully as if the same had been originally conferred upon the said president and fellows by the charter or articles of association of this corporation. This vote shall take effect upon an acceptance by the said president and fellows of the powers hereby conferred, but with the provision that the said president and fellows at any time may abandon and surrender or limit such powers upon notice to this corporation.

"Voted, That no instructor or examiner of this corporation shall be appointed, employed, or retained without the approval of the visitors of this corporation manifested in such way as said visitors may prescribe.

"Voted, That in case the president and fellows of Harvard College accept the powers conferred by the foregoing vote, the said president and fellows be requested to empower the president of Harvard University to countersign the diplomas of this corporation and to affix the seal of Harvard University to said diplomas."

The change has not been made, as has been stated, in consequence of any endowment, nor does it mean co-education. But it does provide for bestowing the University degree upon graduates of what has been known as the Annex, in place of the certificates heretofore issued. The institution has recently come into possession of two gifts, amounting, jointly, to about \$150,000. Since the fees from students have exceeded the expenses of the Annex for the past five years, the new college is in a satisfactory financial condition. Its name is, very appropriately, that of the first woman who ever made a gift of money to Harvard.

THE PERSISTENCE OF THE ROMANCE.

The now palpable reaction from the realistic, so-called, in English fiction to the romantic as a form and a method, suggests an historical retrospect. The fact is, the romance, in its several kinds, has persisted for centuries in our native novel, and its resurgence to-day is only a demonstration to be prophesied from past experiences in fictional evolution. Nor is the explanation far to seek. All the world loves a story, as it does a lover; and psychologic interest, the analysis of motive and character, will never take the place of that objective interest which centres in action, situation, and *dénouement*. Our age takes more kindly to such methods and motives than did its predecessors; indeed, it has been taught to do so, and the novel of subjective tendency may be styled the chosen vehicle of expression. But always those who read as they run, and the more critical class which seeks in books illusion from the workaday world, will desire the adventure story and the heroic presentment of human life. A host of people agree with Balzac that the writer of fiction should strive to portray society not solely as it is, but as it is hoped it will be in that "possibly better" state suggested by present improvement. One is struck by this in the simple inductive process of inquiry among intelligent book-lovers; the present writer has found that a large proportion go to novels for rest and recreation, rather than for a criticism of life or æsthetic stimulation, least of all for spiritual profit. If this last is to result, let it be unobtrusive, by way of indirection, not through the avowed *tendenz* fiction, seems to be the cry.

Text-books are fond of emphasizing the birth of the modern analytic novel with Richardson and Fielding, as if thereafter the whole trend were toward the subjective social study. It is true enough that a new impulse and manner were introduced by those worthies; but twenty odd years before "Pamela" and "Tom Jones," De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe" was in the field to represent that undying creature, the Romance; and if Mr. Kipling and Mr. Stevenson, Mr. Hall Caine, Dr. Doyle and General Wallace hark back to the seamy Daniel as prototype, he in turn derives from the picaresque

tales that had gone before, and, to look to origins, is justified by the Spanish fictionists from whom our romance sprang. An early English example of the picaresque is Nash's "Jack Wilton," which, clumsy as it is, and naively childish to modern taste, does nevertheless explain De Foe on the one hand and the penny-dreadful on the other. Jack, a page in the English army in France at the siege of Tournay, and a fellow of infinite gusto, much travel, and many escapades, is perhaps the first picturesque rascal in a *genre* to be afterwards enriched by Dumas and broadened and modified by Le Sage, Hugo, Scott, and Dickens. He is the father of harum-scarums, and he initiates for all time the type of the picaresque story—that division of the romance the essence of which lies in brisk, breathless adventuring, and a lusty enjoyment of life as incident and spectacle. Such later divisions, of course, as the pastoral romance—early exemplified in Lyly's "Euphues" and Sidney's "Arcadia," and finding its modern representation in Mr. Black, Mr. Blackmore, and others,—and the bombastic pseudo-romance borrowed from the French of Scarron *et Cie.*, and—thank heaven—pretty much dead to-day, swell with contributory streams the now stately river of romance. But the adventure-tale that eventuates in "Kidnapped" and "The Refugees" is to be tracked down to "Jack Wilton," artless product of Elizabethan times.

Nor, if we overlook the mere matter of prose form, may we hesitate to go further back in looking for the genesis of the spirit and purpose of the English romance. We shall meet with it several centuries earlier, in that sterling, sturdy literary form the ballad; in certain of the verse narratives of Chaucer; yes, in the Old English epics themselves. Other times, other customs, and saga, epic, apologue, ballad, or novel may be the chosen vehicle; but the liking for *story* is a constant factor. The instinct for romance is the instinct for illusion, a request for pictures of a livelier and lovelier world than that we live in; it were foolish not to expect its gratification in art all along in the development of our literature. With this continual outcropping, this cyclic persistence, of the romance in English fiction, notable contributions in this kind may be anticipated in the near future as a rebound from the deification of the psycho-analytic. The public is eager for it (apply the test of sales in the case of recent prominent romantic novels); and the writers of fiction take heart for the attempt, or by a natural resilience are of the tribe of Dan. But whether the movement produce marvels of romantic composition this decade or the next century, it is safe to say that the field will always be cultivated, appealing as it does to a permanent taste and satisfying an inevitable hunger. By no means is it to be said that the school of Messrs. Howells and James is in its decadence; fruitful and important work is sure to come thence, and its possibilities, especially in the domain of psychology, are as yet but half realized. But it is well to bear down on

the fact that the pedigree of this school is no better than, is indeed not so old and honorable as, that which has De Foe as past-master in the last century and is vigorously championed in *fin de siècle* English letters by Messrs. Kipling and Stevenson.

And it should be understood that this reaction toward incident in fiction is a phase of the wider protest against the abuse of that misnamed realism for which partialism is a fitter term. It is part of a tendency which has produced in Paris, the stronghold of the opposite influence, a revival denominated neo-idealism, resulting in symbolism in poetry and M. Wagner's noble trumpet-call to the younger generation. Romanticism is to idealism in the novel what the garment is to the soul. In this broader implication, the romance includes Mrs. Ward's "David Grieve" and Mrs. Hunt's "Ramona," books treating life in its more ideal aims and relations. The romance of the future will present such high interests keeping pace with the evolution of society; and its vantage-ground over the romance of years ago will be that it is firm-based on truth to the phenomena of life, and is thus, in the only true sense, realistic. Nobler in content, and persistent in type, the romance, broadly viewed, may be regarded as that form of literature which more than any other shall reflect the aspirations of the individual and the social progress of the state.

RICHARD BURTON.

SONNET-GOLD.

I.

We get it from Etruscan tombs, hid deep
Beneath the passing ploughshare; or from caves,
Known but to Prospero, where pale green waves
Roll up the wreck-gold that the mermaids keep;
And from the caverns where the gnomes upheap
The secret treasures which the Earth's dwarf slaves
Coin in her bosom, 'til the red gold paves
Her whole great heart, where only poets peep;
Or from old missals, where the gold defies
Time's tooth, in saints' bright aureoles, and keeps,
In angels' long straight trumpets, all its flash;
But mostly from the crucible where lies
The alchemist's pure dream-gold: while he sleeps
The poet steals it, leaving him the ash.

II.

What shall we make of sonnet-gold for men?
The dove-wreathed cup some youth to Phryne gave?
Or dark Locusta's scent-phial, that shall have,
Chiselled all round it, snakes from Horror's den?
Or that ill ring which sank in fathoms ten
When Faliero spoused the Venice wave?
Or Inez' funeral crown, the day the grave
Showed her for coronation, all myrrh then?
The best would be to make a hilt of gold
For Life's keen falchion; like a dragon's head,
Fierce and fantastic, massive in your hold;
But oft the goldsmith's chisel makes instead
A fretted shrine for sorrows that are old,
And passions that are sterile or are dead.

—Lee Hamilton in the *London Academy*.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE LIBRARY OF THE CHICAGO UNIVERSITY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In your excellent notice, in the current number of THE DIAL, of the recently issued government report on Libraries, you refer to the statement, made in that report, as to the four largest libraries in the country, for the purpose of pointing out an error by which the Boston Public Library is credited with too large a number of volumes. Apparently you overlooked the fact that the most glaring discrepancy in the list is in assigning to the University of Chicago 380,000 volumes. I am just collecting the statistics of libraries for my forthcoming book, "Public Libraries in America," and Mrs. Dixon, the acting librarian of the University of Chicago, gives me the present number of volumes as about 250,000. The recently issued Register of the University puts the number at 232,000. Mrs. Dixon reports that 75,000 of the present 250,000 have been acquired during the past twelve months, so that the library can hardly have numbered more than 150,000 volumes when this U. S. report was made up. How its size came to be so over-stated is an interesting question.

W. I. FLETCHER.

Amherst College Library, Dec. 5, 1893.

[We did not question the figures given for the library of the University of Chicago, because no one seems to know just what those figures should really be. The bulk of the library is made up of a collection purchased from Calvary, of Berlin, nearly two years ago. This collection seems to have been purchased on the "pig in a poke" principle, and was estimated to include something like 300,000 volumes, a large proportion of these (perhaps one-fourth) being unbound dissertations. We understand that the whole of this collection has not yet been housed in the library. It was, however, owned by the University at the time when the government report was prepared. From statements made to us at various times by the authorities of the University, we concluded that the number of volumes reported was approximately correct, if pamphlets were counted, as in the case of the Harvard (not the Boston Public) Library. The report of 232,000 volumes in the University Register expressly excludes pamphlets and books not actually in the library.—EDR. DIAL.]

"AIRS AND MANNERS" IN THE OLD DOMINION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

In reading Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's rather florid article on "The Old Dominion," in the December "Harper," one cannot but be struck by the continuous strain of old-time laudation of Virginia and everything Virginian, that savors strongly of the somewhat boastful period "before the war." The women are prettier, the men more brilliant and gallant, the children more interesting, and all, old or young, "have something about them—an air, a manner, a something—which is more attractive" than one can discover in mortals north of the Potomac. Altogether, it is a picture in high lights; there are no shadows. One may read the article from beginning to end, without discovering that a Virginian

ever had a fault. Mr. Page's Colonel Carters of Cartersville have all the virtues of Mr. Hopkinson Smith's, but none of their weaknesses. They even talked so well that "it is said that Thackeray stated that he heard the purest Saxon English in Virginia that he had ever heard. Freeman and Matthew Arnold are quoted to the same effect at a later time."

But the reader who is curious to note the signs of the times will find more significance in the political than in the social aspects of Mr. Page's article, coming as it does from a writer who has grown up since the war. There is nowhere in it so much as a hint that the Virginians were wrong in following the hot-headed and unreasoning states of the South into that rebellion which Virginia first condemned and then embraced. On the contrary, the tone of approval and laudation is still dominant. In speaking of Richmond, the writer says that "for a hundred years and more the city has been associated with all that Virginians are proud of"; and he then proceeds to enumerate some of the things of which they are proud: "Here sat and deliberated [!] the Secession Convention during the period when Virginia stood as the peace-maker between the two sections. Here she finally declared her decision to secede from the Union. . . . Here the Confederate government passed its life, and from here the Southern side of the war was fought. . . . Whilst Richmond stood the Confederacy stood," etc. Such are the things that give the city its chief glory in the eyes of true Virginians.

Northern conservatives, who have been inclined to sympathize with the South in its recent unfortunate condition, will be surprised and pained to read many things in this article. They have been wont to think that sensible Southern people had seen that the Rebellion, with its fruitless loss and devastation, was at least a mistake, and not a thing to be especially proud of; but such utterances as these will lead many to doubt whether it is not yet too early to cherish or express sympathy with those who still maintain such sentiments. It seems a pity that such an article should have been written or printed, representing as it does a class who have learned nothing from experience, and have forgotten the present and the future in blind admiration of an ignorant and often mistaken past.

A. C. MCC.

Summerville, S. C., Dec. 3, 1893.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH JOHN BULL?

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

To a logical mind, there is always a satisfaction in finding persons and things consistent with themselves; and this form of satisfaction is ours on reading the characteristic comments of the leading John Bull organ, the "Saturday Review," on the subject of the Columbian Exposition, as reprinted in your last issue. Those comments are about such as might have been expected from such a source; hence they afford the logical satisfaction referred to, and are also delightful in many ways. Nowhere else could we expect to find, at this stage, the Exposition styled a "local show" and a "fizzle," or its promoters and managers so courteously and discerningly individualized as "the ignorant millionaire, the grain-man, the pig-man, the bust dude, the Irish politician, the anarchist," as it is given in the elegant phraseology of this uncompromising defender of the classic. No one who knows the John Bull type of Englishmen will be surprised that they should regard the Exposition as a "local show." Of course it seems local to them; anything beyond the coast of Britain is,

to the arboreal fancy of these belated Druids, necessarily local and despicable.

It seems to me the practical question is, how shall these familiar exhibitions of "John Bull at his worst" be treated in America? Shall his primitive insularity and his native proneness to Philistinism be regarded, in Carlyle's phrase, as an "insuperable proclivity," and therefore he be let alone? Or, if to familiarize him with modern ideas and world-tendencies be thought possible and desirable, how shall the requisite missionary labors be directed? And ought we not to take into account what we should lose if these efforts were successful? Is not J. B. more amusing, and hence more desirable, as he is? Byron, a good judge of European traits and manners, recorded his opinion as follows:

"The world is a big load of hay;
Mankind are the asses that pull;
Each tugs in a different way—
But the greatest of all is John Bull."

Would it not, therefore, be more profitable to us Americans, who inherit still a trace of the bear-baiting proclivities of our British ancestry, to allow him to continue in his favorite role as the *ass par excellence* among national characters? Who is there to take his place? where else among the nations of the earth could so amusing a character—such a *possierter Dummkopf*—be found? Unameliorated by the refining influences of foreign civilization, John Bull is pretty sure to be John Bull for a long time to come; hugging himself closer in his insularity, and throwing dust and mud over everything that is new and unintelligible to him—which leaves to him yet a very large field for the exercise of his peculiar powers. All these points and more are involved in the interesting problem, What shall we do with John Bull?

JONATHAN.

Chicago, Dec. 6, 1893.

A DISCLAIMER AND AN EXPLANATION.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

As was the surprise of Monsieur Jourdain, on being told that he talked prose, even so was mine, when I found myself credited by Mr. W. H. Johnson (in THE DIAL for Nov. 1) with a "style," nay, "a peculiarity of style." There are, however, in the case of every one, things growing out of his idiosyncrasy which others are beforehand with him in discovering.

Reputation for a literary style those may spell for who are so inclined; but why should it be assumed that I am one of them? As to the way in which my trivialities are expressed, I have never given the subject a thought, regard for intelligibility and verbal economy excepted. A commonplace person who aims at no more than this, and succeeds in his aim fairly well, will deliver himself only indifferently, at best; and to say that he has a style, or effects any approach to one worth speaking of, is, it appears to me, making too much of his insignificance. My fashion of writing, which I had all along thought to be precisely such as that just described, was, I had hoped, so unnoticeable as not to divert attention from my matter to my manner. My hopes have been doomed to disappointment.

Mr. Johnson is of opinion that my sentences too often have a "broken character." Let me, in passing, regret that they have broken his æsthetic repose. To make good his complaint, he quotes from me at length, adding the judgment that parallels to his quotations "would not be from writers who have won any reputation for grace-

ful expression of their ideas." But, as a prudent cripple would not attempt to dance, why should Awk O'Speech be ambitious of a distinction which he knows he could never achieve, do what he might? Suppose that nature and circumstances, in malign conspiracy, have turned a man out rhetorically left-handed, crump-shouldered, lop-sided, baker-kneed, ungainly all round. What is there, pray, for such a hapless abortion to do, except to throw himself on the compassion of his fellow-creatures, and to thank destiny that there are constellations more sinister than the one which was told off for him? We all of us write pretty much as it pleases Providence.

Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio, I shall not admit. Though I study to be concise, my drift, unless I deceive myself, is always unmistakable. Nor is perplexity entailed by the involutions which, brevity consulted, are frequently necessitated by the qualifications requisite in order to the exact conveyance of my meaning. Where these involutions occur, and also on other occasions, I try to lighten the labor of the reader by free recourse to commas, using them largely instead of brackets; and hence it is that Mr. Johnson detects, in my sentences, what he designates as a "broken character." This designation is not, to my mind, altogether appropriate. Be that as it may, however, my critic is perhaps a trifle flattering, when he silently takes it for granted that others, if unaided by the clue of liberal punctuation, would approve themselves his match in threading my labyrinths.

The question of expressional uncouthness having been started, I transcribe some specimens of it, in presence of which those that Mr. Johnson takes from me must hide their diminished heads. I came on them in Thomas Hope's "Essay on the Origin and Prospects of Man," published in 1831:

"Sometimes, after of compounds certain substances are, by effervescence or fermentation, thrown off, the remaining ones, instead of being left to subside, again from without take in new gases, which again of the compound change the nature and the faculties." (Vol. I., p. 293.)

"Of the heat in the daytime from the sun radiated to the earth, at night, when, of this radiance from without the pressure ceases, a certain portion is from the earth and from its productions again radiated into outer space." (Vol. I., p. 294.)

"Thus, of heat a certain portion, in a body by cold solidified penetrating, confined and accumulated, till by its pressure from within that body on its surrounding envelopes, it distends and disovers these inclosures, and is again by them let out and left to coöperate, will by the very excess of its strength lose that strength, and again, as it again spreads further, proportionably weaken." (Vol. III., p. 222.)

That these passages fell from the pen of the author of "Anastasius" seems almost incredible.

For curiosities of felonious construction well-nigh as striking as those given from Hope, Jeremy Bentham, among modern authors, might be cited to any extent whatever, desirable or undesirable. Guided by a rational taste, Sydney Smith, in reviewing the famous "Book of Fallacies," introduces its author to the public only "after that eminent philosopher has been washed, trimmed, shaved, and forced into clean linen."

Whitefield, we read, once fancied, for a while, that the Lord "required him to go nasty"; and not a few writers, entreated spitefully by the fates, and wrestling with them in vain, "go nasty," metaphorically, all their days. The pity which the benevolent are moved to bestow on their unhappy case I would be allowed to participate.

F. H.

Marlesford, England, Nov. 16, 1893.

The New Books.

WALTER SCOTT'S LETTERS.*

In the preface to the abridged edition (1848) of his *Life of Scott*, Lockhart inserted the following paragraph: "I should have been more willing to produce an enlarged edition; for the interest of Sir Walter's history lies, I think, peculiarly in its minute details — especially in the details set down by himself in his letters and diaries; and, of course, after the lapse of ten years more copious use might be made of those materials without offense or indecorum." Near half a century has elapsed since these words were penned; and in the interim the "Journal" — covering the period from 1825, just before the Constable and the Ballantyne failures, to 1835, the year of Scott's death — has appeared. The "Life" and the "Journal" having thus been issued, only the "Letters" were needed to complete this unusually full, rich, and significant life-record; and these now lie before us. The editor, Mr. David Douglas, has executed his trust with the same care and minuteness shown in his editing of the "Journal" — perhaps this time with something of that loving over-elaboration which one is apt to bestow upon a specially congenial task. The letters are placed in chronological order, and they are grouped in twenty-four brief chapters, each of which is prefaced by a useful table of "Family Annals and Literary Work," as well as by a rather supererogatory motto, generally a passage selected from Sir Walter's poetical works. Mr. Douglas's notes are very full — unfashionably full; but they are in themselves so entertaining, so rich in lively personal chat and *ana*, that we should be sorry to spare one of them. The letters range from 1797, the year of the writer's marriage, to 1825, the eve of the period when, at the age of fifty-five, overwhelmed by a debt of £150,000, he sat down at his desk to begin a struggle for honor's sake which was to end six years later, not in a loss of courage, but in a decline of the powers necessary to carry it on. The annals of Scotia are eminently rich in examples of patient heroism in adversity — a quality that, like love of clan and country, seems inherent in her people. But none of her plaided or her mail-clad heroes have shown a braver front to disaster than did her great romancer. To Scott, filled as he was with the (to the modern view) Quixotic tradi-

tions and ideals which formed the flower and finer spirit of the older Toryism — Feudalism, if you will — the call of honor, the claim of an obligation, was a peremptory one that brooked no denial or thought of denial. The distinction, born of commercial usage and expediency, between a mercantile and personal obligation, was not for him. To the Master of Abbotsford a debt incurred was a debt to be wiped out to the uttermost farthing; and so he labored on to the end, with the dogged pertinacity of his nation, at the Sisyphus-stone of vicarious debt that finally crushed him.

In making up the present volumes, the editor has prudently and widely departed from his original plan of including in them only the letters addressed by Sir Walter to members of his own family. A number of letters written to some of his closest friends have also been introduced; and in addition to these are some notable ones addressed to Sir Walter by such correspondents as Jeffrey, Lady Stuart, Joanna Baillie, Crabbe, Charles Lamb (who makes an appeal in behalf of the impecunious Godwin), Washington Irving, etc. The letter from the last-named writer is the reply to a proposal to become editor of a Scotch newspaper — a post for which Irving acknowledged himself to be eminently unsuited. He writes:

"Your literary proposal both surprises and flatters me, as it evinces a much higher opinion of my talents and capacity than I possess myself. I am peculiarly unfitted for the post proposed. . . . My whole course of life has been desultory, and I am unfitted for any periodically recurring task, or any stipulated labor of body or mind. I have no command over my talents such as they are; am apt to be deserted by them when I most want their assistance, and have to watch the veerings of my mind as I would those of a weathercock. Practice and training may bring me more into rule, but at present I am as unfit for service in the ranks as one of my own country Indians or a Don Cossack. I must therefore keep on pretty much as I have begun, writing when I can and not when I would."

The "Letters" begin, as we have said, in 1797, the year of Scott's marriage; and the opening ones, addressed to Miss Carpenter, afford, it must be owned, some rather doleful specimens of the Caledonian love-letter. The last one, in particular, closes with a passage that would have done credit to Mr. Pegotty's "lone and lorn" inmate, Mrs. Gummidge:

"When you go to the South of Scotland with me," writes the expectant lover, after alluding to some ancestral matters, "you will see their burying-place, now all that remains with my father of a very handsome property. It is one of the most beautiful and romantic scenes you ever saw, among the ruins of an old abbey. When I die, Charlotte, you must cause my bones to be

* FAMILIAR LETTERS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT. In two volumes, illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

laid there; but we shall have many happy days before that, I hope."

To this cheerful and timely request Miss Carpenter — a lively young woman endowed with scant reverence for ancestral bones — sensibly replied :

"What an idea of yours was that to mention where you wish to have your *bones laid*! If you were married I should think you were tired of me. A very pretty compliment *before marriage*! I hope sincerely I shall not live to see that day. If you always have those cheerful thoughts, how very pleasant and gay you must be! Adieu, my dearest friend. Take care of yourself if you love me, as I have no *wish* that you should *visit* that *beautiful* and *romantic* scene, the burying place."

One fancies that the lover must have derived chagrin and solace in about equal measure from this satirical epistle.

Viewing the Letters as a whole, and seeking for their prevalent and distinctive note, we should say that it lay in a certain largeness and manliness of tone, and in an impersonal and ingenious way of viewing men and motives that is rare enough in the familiar letters of the brethren of the *genus irritabile*. There are many allusions to brother authors (a term that usually scarcely expresses the actual relation), but nowhere is there a hint of jealousy or detraction — not even at the period when the writer's own poetical star was unmistakably paling before that of Byron. For this declension Sir Walter was certainly well indemnified by the magnificent success of his prose tales; but the provocation, nevertheless, was sharp enough, and the rival was an especially vulnerable one. To those who know Scott at all it is scarcely necessary to say that his letters have the prime epistolary merit of frankness; not frankness of the morbid, self-dissecting sort, but the hearty outspokenness of the large-souled, cordial man, who invites the confidence of his friends, and gives them his own in return. Scott's writings are always the *wholesomest* of reading. There is that in them that tones and braces the mind, as the breath of his own heath-clad hills and moors tones and braces the body; but in nothing that he has written is this rare tonic quality so marked as in his admirable letters. What could be more thoroughly sound and excellent, albeit in a somewhat homely way, than the following "Letter to a Schoolboy," written to a lad of fifteen who had sent the author of "Marmion" some specimens of his own versification :

"... The friends who know me best, and to whose judgment I am myself in the constant habit of trusting, reckon me a very capricious and uncertain judge of po-

etry; and I have had repeated occasion to observe that I have often failed in anticipating the reception of poetry by the public. Above all, sir, I must warn you against suffering yourself to suppose that the power of enjoying natural beauty and poetical description are necessarily connected with that of producing poetry. The former is really a gift of Heaven, which conduces inestimably to the happiness of those who enjoy it. The second has much more of a knack in it than the pride of poets is always willing to admit; and, at any rate, is only valuable when combined with the first. . . . I would also caution you against an enthusiasm which, while it argues an excellent disposition and a feeling heart, requires to be watched and restrained, though not repressed. It is apt, if too much indulged, to engender a fastidious contempt for the ordinary business of the world, and gradually to render us unfit for the exercise of the useful and domestic virtues which depend greatly upon our not exalting our feelings above the temper of well-ordered and well-educated society. No good man can ever be happy when he is unfit for the career of simple and commonplace duty; and I need not add how many melancholy instances there are of extravagance and profligacy being resorted to under pretense of contempt for the common rules of life. Cultivate, then, sir, your taste for poetry and the belles-lettres, as an elegant and most interesting amusement; but combine it with studies of a more severe and solid cast, and such as are most intimately connected with your prospects in future life. In the words of Solomon, 'My son, get knowledge.' . . ."

The above letter is worth quoting, were it only as an index to a leading trait in the writer's character — his overflowing kindliness. Many tyros went to him for advice (which in such cases usually means for approval), and while some of them undoubtedly went away disappointed, no one certainly went away chagrined or empty-handed. In the Abbotsford collection there are many letters from boys and young men seeking literary counsel, all of which Sir Walter appears to have replied to, and then folded carefully, writing name and date on the back of each. How many incipient Chattertons he thus turned from the squalid garrets of the Edinburgh Grub Street into the respectable, if prosaic, paths of process-drawing and cheese-mongering, history tells not; but the number may well have been considerable.

We have spoken of Scott's letters touching his great rival and poetical successor, Byron; and as this portion of his correspondence cannot fail to be of general interest we shall quote from it pretty freely. The first two cantos of "Childe Harold" appeared in February, 1812, and in the following May Scott wrote to Mr. Morritt :

"I agree very much in what you say of 'Childe Harold.' Though there is something provoking and insulting both to morality and to feeling in his misanthropical humor, it gives, nevertheless, an odd pungency to his descriptions and reflections, and upon the whole it is a

poem of most extraordinary power, and may rank its author with our first poets. I see the 'Edinburgh Review' has hauled its wind, which I suppose is as much owing to Lord Byron's political conversion as to their conviction of his increasing powers."

Writing to Lady Abercorn in January, 1813, Sir Walter goes on to say of "Childe Harold":

"You ask me how I like Lord Byron's poem, and I answer, very much. There is more original strength and force of thinking in it, as well as command of language and versification, than in almost any modern poem of the same length that I have happened to meet with. It is really a powerful poem,—the more powerful because it arrests the attention without the aid of narrative, and without the least apparent wish to conciliate the favor of the reader, but rather an affectation of the contrary. I say an *affectation* of the contrary, because I should be sorry to think that a young man of Lord Byron's powers should really and unaffectedly entertain and encourage a contempt for all sublunary comforts and enjoyments. . . . This tinge of discontent, or perhaps one may almost say misanthropy, is the only objection I have to Lord B.'s very powerful and original work."

There is an expression in the letter above that is very characteristic of the essential manliness and candor of Scott's nature. To admit, as he did, that Byron's verse could dispense with "the aid of narrative," was to admit its poetical superiority to his own *chansons de geste*, in which the epic element was confessedly the vital one. Between "Childe Harold," with its splendid power and energy, its profound passion and sustained melody, and his own "Marmion," with its ballad lilt and easy sentiment, there was obviously a difference not only of kind but of rank; and Scott could acknowledge this the more readily in that he saw that where he himself was undeniably strong, his rival was lamentably weak. Scott is, all in all, the best of story-tellers; it is not too much to say that Byron is one of the worst. No less sober and discerning than his appraisal of Byron's verse is his appraisal of his character. Scott saw in the fashionable bard neither a sublime and mysterious "Lara"—an incarnation of the sombre and misanthropic heroes he chose to portray—on the one hand, nor, on the other, a mere attitudinizing coxcomb. The *ultra* class of Byron's admirers delighted to invest his career with something of the pseudo-grandeur of veiled and romantic crime; clear-headed Sir Walter saw that mere vulgar vice, such as any sixpenny rake in Cheapside might indulge in, had been much more in his lordship's line—and he was generous enough to deplore the fact, and to try to palliate it. His final word on Byron is expressed in a letter to Lady Abercorn, dated June 4, 1824:

"I have been terribly distressed at poor Byron's death. In talents he was unequalled, and his faults were those rather of a bizarre temper, arising from an eager and irritable nervous habit, than any depravity of disposition. He was devoid of selfishness, which I take to be the basest ingredient in the human disposition. He was generous, humane, and noble-minded, when passion did not blind him. The worst I ever saw about him was that he rather liked indifferent company, than that of those with whom he must from character and talent have necessarily conversed more upon an equality. I believe much of his affected misanthropy (for I never thought it real) was founded upon instances of ingratitude and selfishness experienced at the hands of those from whom better could not have been expected. During the disagreement between him and his lady, the hubbub raised by the public reminded one of the mischievous boys who pretend to chase runaway horses,—

'And roar, Stop, stop them! till they're hoarse;
But mean to drive them faster.'

Man and wife will hardly make the mutual sacrifices which are necessary to make them friends, when the whole public of London are hallooing about them."

Sir Walter's letters are naturally full of allusions to other contemporary authors, and we may allow ourselves one more extract—an amusing note on Jeffrey, who comes in for pretty frequent mention, kindlier mention, indeed, than that caustic critic deserved at the hands of the author of "Marmion." Writing to Miss Seward in 1806 Sir Walter says:

"I think were you to know my little friend Jeffrey you would perhaps have some mercy on his criticisms; not but that he often makes his best friends lose patience by that love of severity which drives justice into tyranny: but, in fact, I have often wondered that a man who loves and admires poetry so much as he does can permit himself the severe, or sometimes unjust, strictures which he fulminates even against the authors whom he most approves of, and whose works actually afford him most delight. But what shall we say? Many good-natured country Tories (myself, for example) take great pleasure in coursing and fishing, without any impeachment to their amiabilities, and probably Jeffrey feels the same instinctive passion for hunting down the bards of the day. In common life the lion lies down with the lamb; for not to mention his friendship for me, now of some standing, he had the magnanimity (absolutely approaching to chivalrous reliance upon the faith of a foe) to trust himself to Southey's guidance in a boat on Windermere, when it would have cost the poet nothing but a wet jacket to have overset the critic, and swum triumphantly to shore, and this the very day the review of 'Madoc' was published."

In closing, we may say of these volumes, that they form in every way a desirable supplement to the great work of Sir Walter's son-in-law. No one who values the one work can afford to leave the other unread. Indeed, we believe it may fairly be claimed for these Familiar Letters that they bring the reader a degree nearer the author of "Waverley" than either of their

predecessors do. We need scarcely say that the publishers have given the letters a suitable setting—sound, serviceable, and elegant. There is an autographic plan of Abbotsford, and a fine steel portrait of Scott, after Chantrey's bust.

E. G. J.

MR. SPENCER ON THE PRINCIPLES OF BENEFICENCE.*

There is a touch of pathos in the avowal with which Mr. Spencer introduces the last part of his *Ethics*, the conclusion of the great task to which the second half of his life has been consecrated. Satisfaction in the achievement, he says, is somewhat dashed by disappointment at the meagreness of the ethical result. "The Doctrine of Evolution has not furnished guidance to the extent I had hoped."

A successful life has been defined as a great thought conceived in youth and executed in maturity. But when the great thought assumes the form of a scheme of Universal Philosophy, the execution will inevitably fall short of the conception. The ambitious edifice will be structurally weak in places, and many of its chambers will be vacant or furnished only with casual or commonplace borrowings. Human thought, as Carlyle warns us, vainly strains to "swallow this universe," and where a hundred generations have failed the individual thinker will not succeed. Each man, now as in the days of Empedocles, really believes only in that on which he has chanced to alight; and whatever high-sounding titles he inscribes on the cover of his book, he can in the end tell us only of the little world of his own experience, experiment, and reading.

Mr. Spencer conceived in his youth two great thoughts: his formula of an Evolution wide enough to include both astronomy and biology, and his conception (elaborated in the "*Principles of Psychology*") of life and mind as self-adjusting correspondence with the environment enforced by the death penalty. Even in his "*Psychology*" and "*Sociology*" these ambitious generalizations, though interpreted by ingenious analysis and illustrated by vast collections of facts, failed to do justice to the infinite subtlety and diversity of nature. In ethics they are not merely inadequate, but positively misleading, owing to the distinctly anti-ethical associations that they necessarily convey to the majority of readers. The conception of life

and conduct as a gradual adjustment to the conditions of self-preservation is more harmful to sound ethical feeling than it can possibly be helpful to intellectual apprehension of the general conditions under which ethical and unethical acts arise. The interpretation of our moral experience is not aided by such a formula as this: "And along with this greater elaboration of life produced by the pursuit of more numerous ends, there goes that increased duration of life which is the supreme end." Rather must we say with Plato: "To preserve himself such as he is, and to keep safe his possessions, is not the end and aim of the virtuous man. Sweet is this little life, but the true man will live well while he may; how long or short he will permit to heaven." It is idle to reply that the one sentence is a bit of fine sentiment, the other a formulation of a scientific law. The ethics of evolution, too, must recognize the danger of what George Eliot calls "the hard, bold scrutiny of imperfect thought into obligations which can never be proved to have any sanctity in the absence of feeling." The moralist who writes, "Death by starvation from inability to catch prey shows a falling short of conduct from its ideal," by his lack of humor and failure in literary tact encourages such imperfect thought far more than he can check it with all his science.

A further cause of the inadequacy of Mr. Spencer's treatment of ethics is to be found in the nature and limitations of his studies. They have not been those that qualify a man to deal with ethical problems in a sympathetic and illuminating way. For that, the humanistic and historic culture which he neglects is indispensable. Lastly, nearly all that he now has to tell us has been anticipated. During the long years of the postponement in which the unfinished structure of the "*Synthetic Philosophy*" has stood before us awaiting its ethical coping-stone, the special workers in this domain have not been idle. It was not difficult for them to prolong the lines in imagination, and make fairly accurate forecast of the completed edifice. The supplementary qualifications which the ethics of Evolution adds to the old Epicurean ethics of the utilitarian and associationist school have all been foreseen, and the issues thus raised with the opposing intuitionist school in its various forms have been repeatedly debated. The highest point yet reached in the discussion is marked by Mr. Leslie Stephen's "*Science of Ethics*" and by his recent thoughtful reply to Professor Huxley's brilliant but inconclusive

*THE PRINCIPLES OF ETHICS. By Herbert Spencer. Volume II. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Romanes Lecture. One turns with relief from the languid prolixity of the master to the trenchant vigor of the disciple. But comparisons between inventor and perfecter are invidious.

The volume before us treats of beneficence, and begins by defining anew, with ponderous dialectic, the too-often neglected line of demarcation between beneficence and justice, between things which are to be accepted as benefactions and things which may be claimed as rights. Justice aims to secure to every man the good or evil that naturally flows from his own acts, so far as this is compatible with the maintenance of social life. A secondary law of the highest social life requires that strict measures of justice be supplemented by spontaneous goodwill. But this quality of mercy cannot be strained, and its enforcement as a right wrongs the benefactor and weakens the moral fibre of the beneficiary. Beneficence is negative when it acts as a check on the unbridled use of our powers, positive when it prompts their active employment on behalf of others. With the aid of this somewhat artificial classification, Mr. Spencer propounds and discusses with ingenious *naïveté* an immense number of special problems of casuistry. In business competition, for example, negative beneficence rebukes the conduct of "a man named Stewart" who lived in New York and acquired a colossal fortune by the practice of suddenly lowering his prices to an unremunerative rate, "seriously damaging numerous small traders." But it does not countenance the claim of the trades-unions that only a "scab" will beat his fellows on a stint of work. Voluntary limitation of their field of activity by the successful lawyer or doctor presents a more delicate problem; for the welfare of society may require that the competent professional man should undertake all the work he can faithfully perform. Again, negative beneficence demands the voluntary relinquishments of the advantages of a hard contract, as it on the other side forbids the laborer's striking when there is a big job on. It would restrain the pernicious activity of the soft-hearted woman who gives pence to the organ-grinder who makes day hideous to her philosophic neighbor, and it prohibits overpaying of cabbies, and the tipping of guards, porters, and waiters, in order to obtain better than the average service. It imposes flashes of silence on the brilliant conversationalist, will not permit a tennis player to beat a father whose son is watching the game, or a keen reasoner to expose a man's fallacies "if his *fiancée* is present." It softens

censure, though not to the extent of altogether suppressing anger, which is frequently a moral and salutary feeling. And it also checks the impulse to bestow excessive praise, especially if the recipient is "a handsome young lady accustomed to tribute in words and looks. . . . Shall you give her the pleasure she seeks by letting your glances be seen? If you think only of proximate results, you may; but not if you think also of remote results."

The requirements of positive beneficence are elaborately discussed in relation to marriage, parenthood, kinship, aid to the helpless or sick, relief of the poor, etc. Mr. Spencer still cherishes his fine fear of excessive altruism, but otherwise has little to add to the judgments of common-sense in these complicated matters.

The chapters on social and political beneficence are less languid in tone, and reveal something of the old fire of the Essays. "Beneficence tells no man to help in keeping up the movement of the social treadmill." "Life is vitiated," especially, it would appear, for the bachelor, "by making attractiveness of appearance a primary end. Such is the experience all through the day, from the first thing in the morning, when, while standing dripping wet, you have to separate the pretty fringes of the bath towel which are entangled with one another, to the last thing at night, when the boot-jack, which, not being an ornamental object, is put out of sight, has to be sought for." The silver butter-knife, we are told, is a typical instance of a thing which has no *raison d'être* save display. Pretentious funerals and wedding presents make life a burden. Mankind waste their time in "buying or producing pretty things so-called, which are mostly in the way."

We smile to see the philosopher in his old age renewing his youthful tilt against social wind-mills. But no American can afford to smile at the sermon preached by Mr. Spencer from the text, Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty and good government. Political beneficence condemns the false sentiment of partisan loyalty which constrains a man to vote for a pernicious bill in order to "put the other side in a hole." It will not hold guiltless the man of ability who withdraws himself from all concern in public affairs in order to make money or enjoy his leisure. Above all, the sense of public duty demands that we incur the odium of protesting against mismanagement and wrongdoing at all times and seasons, even where the immediate evil consequences cannot be dis-

cerned. Life is vitiated by just such trifles as the acceptance by a too complaisant inspector of a bad road or an unsafe building, the passing by a gentlemanly examiner of a loose or inaccurate bank statement. "Most men assume that things are going right until it is proved that they are going wrong; whereas the assumption should be that things are going wrong till it is proved that they are going right."

In the final chapter a word is said of the inspiring dream of a society so constituted as to render superfluous these precise prescriptions of a transitional ethics. Mr. Spencer wisely admonishes the socialist dreamers that they cannot colonize their Altrurias with any breed of man now existing on this planet. But after æons of Evolution, he foresees a humanity that may realize the visions of Plato and Shelley. This illusion will at least work no practical harm — though perhaps here too the poet is wiser than the philosopher:

"Far away beyond her myriad coming changes earth will be
Something other than the wildest modern dream of you or me."

PAUL SHOREY.

AN AMERICAN ARCHÆOLOGIST AND HIS WORK.*

We venture to predict that the time will soon come when there will be a widespread interest in America in the life and work of Mr. Adolphe François Bandelier, whose writings at present appear too rarely before the general reading public. As it is, a few meager details gathered up from a variety of sources, but chiefly from his own writings, may be interesting to our readers.

His name (he writes it Ad. F. Bandelier; it appears on some of his books Adolf, on others Adolphe; upon whose authority some one supplies the François, we do not know) implies that he is of French family. Our impression is, however, that he is a native of this country, and that he claims Illinois as his home. If not a native, he has at least been long enough a resident of this country to record in admirable English the scientific data gathered by him, and to set forth the results of his researches in a most fascinating style; and he has so thoroughly identified himself with ethnological and archaeological studies in this country as to justify our claiming him for an American.

Apparently his earliest contributions to his-

*THE GILDED MAN (EL DORADO), and Other Pictures of the Spanish Occupancy of America. By A. F. Bandelier, author of "Mexico," "The Pueblos of Pecos," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

torical literature were reports to the Peabody Museum of Archaeology and Ethnology, "On the Art of War and Mode of Warfare of the Ancient Mexicans" (1877), "On the Distribution and Tenure of Lands and the Customs with respect to Inheritance among the Ancient Mexicans" (1878), and "On the Social Organization and Mode of Government of the Ancient Mexicans" (1879). As the result of his researches among the Pueblo Indians, he submitted to the Archaeological Institute of America, in 1881, a "Historical Introduction to Studies among the Sedentary Indians of New Mexico" and a "Report upon the Ruins of the Pueblo of Pecos." The following year he submitted to the same Institute his report of "An Archaeological Reconnaissance into Mexico, in the year 1881," which has since been published in a richly illustrated royal octavo volume of over three hundred pages, and has negated the author's own modest opinion of the popularity of his work by going to a second edition and selling at six dollars a volume. In 1885 he read an admirable paper before the New York Historical Society on "The Romantic School an American Archaeology," published in a pamphlet.

He was the official historical investigator of the Hemenway Southwestern Archaeological Expedition in 1887-88. During his residence in New Mexico he amassed and arranged a large collection of historical material relative to the aborigines and the Spanish occupancy of America. Eight years and more spent among the Pueblo Indians resulted in "The Delight Makers," a romance of life among the aboriginal Queres and Tehua Indians, published in 1890, and reviewed in THE DIAL for August, 1891. The publication of his previous works had been controlled by the various societies to which he had reported; "The Delight Makers" was prefaced and seen through the press by the author. The latest result of his historical studies, of which the public is to have the benefit, is published while the author is absent in Peru engaged on archaeological work.

Mr. Bandelier has written for European periodicals and has met with a hearty recognition among the savants of Europe. We have heard of a "History of the Church in New Mexico" written by him for presentation to Pope Leo XIII., and that he has been engaged upon a comprehensive History of the Southwest. With an apparent genius for acquiring languages, and familiarity with the principal Indian dialects, and having access to documents of the greatest value and rarity, no person could be more thor-

oughly equipped for such a work, and we look forward to the appearance of this history with confidence that it will place its author in the front rank of American historians.

Meanwhile, Mr. Bandelier now and then makes a valuable fragmentary contribution to our historical knowledge, as in "The Gilded Man." The desire to correct the errors of earlier historians seems to be the principal stimulus of his own painstaking labors. From the present work it may be learned that *El Dorado* is not "the golden land," as many suppose, but a contraction of *El Hombre Dorado* — the gilded man. Although the basis of wildly exaggerated tales, *El Hombre Dorado* was an actual personage in aboriginal history, an Indian chief in South America, whose body, in the course of a regularly recurring ceremonial, was covered with a resinous gum and then sprinkled with gold dust, which adhered until the chief bathed in a certain lake and thus completed the ceremonial. It was information of this that reached the European colonists of South America in the sixteenth century, excited their characteristic thirst for gold, and led to the disastrous expeditions in search of *El Dorado*, narrated in the first four chapters of the book before us.

The "Other Pictures of the Spanish Occupation of America" consist of an account of similar will-o'-the-wisp expeditions in search of the Seven Cities of Cibola; a carefully-digested account of the Massacre of Cholula (1519); a paper on "The Age of the City of Santa Fé"; and an account of one of the murderers of La Salle, Jean L'Archêvêque, derived from ecclesiastical archives to which the author had access in the Indian pueblo of Santa Clara, New Mexico. The entire collection of papers reflects the conscientiousness with which the author conducts all his researches in a field which is peculiarly his own and in which he is justly entitled to be considered an expert.

ARTHUR HOWARD NOLL.

WHITMANIANA.*

"In Re Walt Whitman" is a curious *mélange* of memorabilia, criticisms, and unpublished fragments, edited by the literary executors of the poet, and designed to supplement Dr. Bucke's volume published several years ago. It contains some matter that is valuable,

* IN RE WALT WHITMAN. Edited by His Literary Executors, Horace L. Traubel, Richard Maurice Bucke, Thomas B. Harrod. Philadelphia: David McKay.

much that is interesting, much also that is foolish, and a few things that are simply deplorable. No student of Whitman or of American literature can afford to dispense with it, for it is rich in biographical and critical material; yet its general tone of indiscriminating eulogy operates many times to make the judicious grieve. Walt Whitman's figure is surely one of the most commanding in American literature, yet its full stature will never be realized by the cultivated public at large, so long as the fanatical devotees of the poet's memory continue to lavish their extravagant encomiums upon his faults and his virtues alike. In the very forefront of this volume, we come upon the following extremely uncritical (as well as unliterary) comment:

"Whitman had cosmic breadth and port. His 'Leaves' foliage the heavens. He was so complicated with all men and all phenomena that his very voice partook of the sway of elemental integrity and candor. Nature has not shame nor vain glory, nor had he, and there was never a breath of distrust in his utterances from first to last. Absolutely candid, he was absolutely unafraid. 'Leaves of Grass' has a tone peculiarly its own and strange in all the annals of literary creation. Whitman speaks in it as would heaven, making unalterable announcements, oracular of the mysteries and powers that pervade and guide all life, all death, all purpose."

The volume contains a good deal of this sad and turgid stuff, and to that extent does positive injury to the memory whose claims it advocates.

In the way of memorabilia, we are given some notes from conversations with Mr. George W. Whitman; Dr. Bucke's remarks on "The Man Walt Whitman"; Mr. Sidney H. Morse's jottings on "My Summer with Walt Whitman"; an account of the poet's last sickness and death, by Mr. Daniel Longaker; the "Last Days of Walt Whitman," by Mr. J. W. Wallace; and a number of papers by Mr. Traubel, including the report of a "round table" symposium having Whitman for a central figure, and an account of the poet's funeral. All this matter is of value, although it might profitably have been pruned of many trivialities. Mr. Morse's notes furnish an exceptionally interesting contribution to the study of the poet's intimate personality.

Of Whitman's own prose work we are given a number of examples. There are three reviews of his poems, written by himself many years ago, but never before published over his signature. They inform their readers, with many a flourish, that we have "an American bard at last." They also proclaim that Amer-

ica is now to start an athletic and defiant literature, that "the interior American republic shall also be declared free and independent"—phrases which recall more recent pronunciamientos of the same sort, and which mean about as much as prospectuses of Keeley motors or programmes of new religions. Whitman's letters of 1873, written, when sick at Washington, to his mother, are of far more value than the anonymous effusions above mentioned; they afford a simple and unaffected revelation of the man himself, when unconcerned with what he conceived to be his mission. A few further fragments of Whitman's work are scattered through the volume, that called "Immortality" being the most important.

Tributes to Whitman, critical and uncritical, in prose and verse, occupy a considerable portion of the contents of this work. The *terza rima* poem on "Love and Death," by John Addington Symonds, is the most important piece of verse, and thus apostrophizes the poet to whom it is inscribed:

"Bard sublime,
To whom the keys of mysteries are given,
Throned in thine orb, fulfilling Space and Time,
Noting the world's words with unerring ear!
How shall I dare in this ephemeral rhyme
To tell what thou hast taught me, to unsphere
The new-born star, thy planet, the desire
Of nations faltering in a night of fear,—
More marvellous than Phosphor or the fire
Of Hesperus love-lorn, not less divine
Than that first splendor from the angelic choir
Flashed on poor shepherd-folk in Palestine?
Thou dost establish—and our hearts receive—
New laws of Love to link and intertwine
Majestic peoples; Love to weld and weave
Comrade to comrade, man to bearded man,
Whereby indissoluble hosts shall cleave
Unto the primal truths republican."

Mrs. Gilchrist's estimate of Whitman, published by Mr. W. M. Rossetti in 1869, is here reprinted, and was particularly deserving of preservation. There is an interesting but overheated letter by W. D. O'Connor, *apropos* of the Harlan episode, now printed for the first time. Mr. R. G. Ingersoll's lecture on "Liberty in Literature," delivered for Whitman's benefit in 1890, is given entire. It is, of course, more rhetorical than critical, and its eloquence is not more than second-rate; but it has the sympathetic quality in abundant measure, and constitutes one of the more important features of the volume.

A still more important feature is provided by the groups of critical articles translated from other languages. They include contributions from the French of M. Gabriel Sarrazin, the German of Herren Karl Knortz and T. W.

Rolleston, and the Danish of Herr Rudolf Schmidt. These Continental tributes bring with them the broader outlook of criticism that assumes the world-standpoint, and naturally have much more to say about the poet's thought than about the poet's form. It is interesting to read M. Sarrazin's translations from Whitman. The poet seems, if anything, to gain by translation, a fact which recalls Mr. Swinburne's explanation of Byron's astonishing vogue upon the Continent. Even the magnificent Lincoln monody (surely Whitman's high-water mark as mere poetical expression) reads well in the French version.

"Non pour vous, non pour vous seul,
Mais des fleurs et des branches vertes à tous les cercueils
j'apporte,
Car pour vous je veux chanter un chant frais comme le matin,
Ô mort saine et sacrée,
Partout des bouquets de roses,
O mort, je vous couvre de roses et des premiers lis,
Mais surtout à cette heure du lilas qui fleurit le premier,
J'en apporte en abondance, je brise les branches des massifs,
Les bras chargés j'arrive, et les répands pour vous,
Pour vous et pour tous vos cercueils, ô mort."

Herr Rolleston makes a palpable hit when, speaking of the grossness beyond which many readers of Whitman refuse to let their vision take them, he says: "Indecent, in my opinion, these poems are not; but the criticism which universally selects them for discussion and condemnation is extremely indecent."

Mr. John Burroughs makes two contributions to this collection. One, entitled "Walt Whitman and the Common People," is the briefest of sketches. The other, "Walt Whitman and His Recent Critics," is based upon a collection of newspaper clippings made soon after the death of the poet. The comment is not without humor, as may be seen from the following bit: "The New York 'Herald' had said, 'He struck his lyre with his fist at times, instead of his finger-tips.' A Western editor hastened to say that was the best way to strike a liar." We regret to find in this article by Mr. Burroughs a passage so deplorable that it is simply amazing that he should have allowed it to be printed. The passage is this:

"The British press has first and last had its spiteful flings at Whitman, one of the latest at least, that of Theodore Watts (whoever he be) in the 'Athenæum,' betraying an aggressive specimen of the dirty thick-witted cockney blackguard. A cur is never more a cur than when [the words that follow are not of a quotable character]; and did cockney criticism ever appear more curish and contemptible than when in the person of this man Watts it made haste to defame and dishonor the memory of our poet?"

Upon the taste of these words there is no need to comment. Whatever the provocation,

or however obscure the critic, they would be indefensible. As for the suggestion implied by the phrase "whoever he be," it can only provoke a smile. The first of living English critics and one of the first of living English poets is not thus to be disposed of. Suppose, to take a fairly analogous case, that some English writer had taken umbrage at one of Lowell's essays. He would hardly have strengthened his case by speaking of "James Russell Lowell (whoever he be)." Leaving this unpleasant subject, let us hasten to say that Mr. Burroughs has written thoughtfully and well of Whitman's life and work; so well, indeed, that we cannot better end this review of an extremely heterogeneous volume than by quoting the closing passage of his longer contribution.

"The law of life of great poetry or great art is: he that would lose his life shall find it; he that gives himself the most freely shall the most freely receive. Whitman merged himself in the thought, in the love, of his country and of his fellows; he identified himself with all types and conditions of men; he literally made himself the brother and equal of all. He thought of himself only as he thought of others in and through himself. In his life he was guilty of no self-seeking; he deliberately put by all that men usually strive for—immediate success and applause, wealth, honors, family, friends—that he might the more fully heed the voice from within. He chose the heroic part in his poetry and in his life."

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

THE UNITY OF FAITH.*

The fact in the religious world which most constantly attracts the attention of the devout mind, and most uniformly disturbs it, is the dissolving

*ORTHODOXY AND HETERODOXY. By William G. T. Shedd, D.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THEOLOGY OF THE OLD TESTAMENT. By Ch. Piepenbring, Pastor and President of the Reformed Consistory at Strasburg. Translated from the French by H. G. Mitchell, Professor in Boston University. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

THE BIBLE AND ITS THEOLOGY, as Popularly Taught. By G. Vasce Smith, B.A., Philos. and Theol. Doct. London: Swan, Sonnenschein & Co.

THE BIBLE: Its Origin, Growth, and Character, and its Place among the Sacred Books of the World. By Jabez Thomas Sunderland. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE NEW BIBLE AND ITS NEW USES. By Joseph Henry Crooker. Boston: George H. Ellis.

JESUS AND MODERN LIFE. By M. J. Savage. Boston: George H. Ellis.

THE WITNESS TO IMMORTALITY. By George A. Gordon, Minister of the Old South Church. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

NATURAL SELECTION AND SPIRITUAL FREEDOM. By Joseph John Murphy. New York: Macmillan & Co.

THE SPIRITUAL LIFE: Studies of Devotion and Worship. Boston: George H. Ellis.

ASPECTS OF THEISM. By William Knight, LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

BIBLICAL ESSAYS. By the late J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D. London: Macmillan & Co.

effect which criticism has had on religious organizations; the reduction of cohesive force in churches. The Parliament of Religions may be said to have been a tentative search, a plaintive cry, for more and wider unity. Are we departing from an organic spiritual life, or drawing near it?

We cannot answer this question till we see what is the true form and centre of unity. This centre is not to be found in any one church, in any organization already achieved. The churches alike fall under existing criticism. The present separation of opinion has arisen under one wide protest against the various sects as a sufficient expression of the religious life. We cannot, then, be called on to select any one of these detached masses as the centre of a new movement. They are all condemned, though not equally condemned, as adequate expressions of the Divine Mind.

Yet, is there not at this very moment more spiritual unity—if we mean by unity not an outward form but an inward force—among men than ever before? This unity is the unity of movement in one direction, under comprehensive and equivalent spiritual incentives, pushing all toward the truth. The divisive sectarian sentiments are simply the inertia offered to this impulse.

A long, loosely-bound raft of logs threads its way slowly through the narrow and sinuous current of a sluggish stream. It readily coheres and quietly creeps on. At length a rapid is reached. The foremost logs are violently tossed and soon torn asunder. As each portion of the float approaches the centre of contention, it too dissolves away, till the river, far and near, is filled with single logs and single sections, all hurrying on under an energy each feels in a diverse degree. If unity means inward, adequate movement, then the unity is greater, not less, after than before the disruption. The unity of religious faith to-day is the unity of many men and many bodies of men responding in an unwonted degree to a truly divine energy that is hurrying them forward in the spiritual world. They are not yet ready to be bound up again in a single church, but when they shall coalesce it will be at a point far on toward the Kingdom of Heaven.

Among the facts that indicate the rapidity of evolution in our time, hardly another is more startling than that so many books, charged to overflowing with one spiritual purpose, touching reverently and boldly the deepest facts in our religious life, should force themselves singly and in shoals on our attention. Before me are a half-dozen volumes any one of which would have been disturbing a score of years since. This is not less belief, it is more and deeper and wiser belief.

"Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy," by Dr. Shedd, gives a milestone well back from which to measure our movement. Dr. Shedd was a professor at Andover in my seminary life. He was a man of marked ability and of a very lovable character. But he then seemed to me, and has always seemed, one born out of due time, thoroughly belated in the

spiritual world. He is a man to be gratefully accepted, but a fact not easily to be expounded on the basis of rationalism. His latest volume is made up of comparatively short excerpts from promiscuous addresses and articles bearing on the spiritual outlook of our time as taken from the extreme height of orthodoxy. Professor Shedd's philosophy of religious life is as simple and positive as that of the peasant who refers every difficulty directly to the devil. "There is nothing new in the orthodoxy of to-day; and nothing new in the newest heterodoxy." It is hardly worth while to have lived so long for so little. The professor thinks the "infidelity" of to-day characterized by the "error, effrontery, and meanness" of infidelity in all previous periods. In spite of my life-long veneration for this truly noble man, I must think that an orthodoxy which shows itself so completely unable to understand its own times, to profit them or to be profited by them, thereby stands thoroughly condemned. The professor's earnest exhortation to courage, directed to the young men going forth from his instruction to encounter this unbelief, is such as might easily have come from a doughty old knight, who had not felt the sting of a bullet under his own corselet, urging novices in arms to meet boldly the new weapons.

The second volume on our list, "Theology of the Old Testament," by Pastor Piepenbring, is a concise yet comprehensive work, presenting the general theory of interpretation which is associated with Kuenen. The book is especially valuable because it does its task so independently and directly. It discusses the three periods, Mosaism, Prophetism, and Levitism, and sustains the discussion throughout by a very full reference to Scripture. The reader is thus in a position easily to judge the roundness of the method and the force of the argument. It is a very helpful book.

"The Bible and its Theology," by Dr. G. Vance Smith, is a work that lies in general tendency in the same direction as the last, but is very different in method. It pertains to the New Testament more than to the Old Testament. It discusses especially the religion which is embodied in the life and words of Christ and in the uses of Scripture. It attaches little importance to current dogmatic opinion. "My one single and earnest wish in this volume has been to exhibit the teaching of the sacred books, on certain great subjects of general interest, simply as I have found it." The author has very constantly in view some special point of controversy with Dr. Liddon and others. As the style is clear and incisive, this raising of special difficulties tends to make the book not less interesting and not less influential. He puts the unity of faith in this form: "Christianity, objectively considered, is Christ himself—the mind, life, character, and spirit of Christ." The work throughout rests on religious truths as addressed directly and independently to the reason of man.

"The Bible: Its Origin, Growth, and Character," by the Rev. J. T. Sunderland, is a systematic and

carefully complete presentation of the results of modern criticism, both in connection with the Old and the New Testament. Higher criticism, while still showing diversity of opinion in details, is becoming harmonious in its general view of the origin of the books of the Bible and of their authority. Our author gives us a concise and comprehensive presentation of the sources of the several portions of Scripture, and discusses in full its authority and the service fulfilled by it. He gives the results of the last score of years of inquiry in the direction indicated by Wellhausen and Kuenen. He says, in his preface, that he has endeavored to bring to his task a candid, catholic, and reverent spirit. The book sustains this affirmation. It is accompanied with a full bibliography.

"The New Bible and Its New Uses," by the Rev. J. H. Crooker, is a book lying in much the same direction as the previous one without aiming to be as comprehensive. It answers the problems, What the Bible is, What it claims for itself, and What are its real uses. The results reached are those of the higher criticism. The author is scholarly, clear-minded, and very much in earnest. Such men are not only not to be feared, they give the light and promise of our day. The work is pervaded by so earnest and intelligent a temper as to be thoroughly readable and stimulating.

"Jesus and Modern Life," by the Rev. M. J. Savage, is a series of discourses on the teachings of Christ. The general outlook is again that of the higher criticism. The book has in style a swing and a positiveness that belong to a popular preacher. The results of criticism are stated and accepted in a somewhat absolute form. The temper of the author is excellent, and the aim of the book is to lead us back to the real centre of our faith—the words of Christ. He presents these teachings at a variety of points. In the discourse on what Jesus taught about prayer, we find an example of the kind of conflict that has sprung up in many minds between physical and spiritual law. Our author is unwilling to accept the extension of prayer into the physical world. The two worlds are thus made to lie apart from each other in an impenetrable way. This conception seems to me inadmissible. The two halves of the world must be bound in closer, not less close, interlock, as thought advances.

"The Witness to Immortality," by the Rev. George A. Gordon, is an extended and meditative renewal of the sentiments and insights which issue in the belief in immortality. The work is not framed as an argument. The two great items of faith, the being of God and immortality, can never be reached with the full force that belongs to them by the formal processes of proof. The premises from which these beliefs arise and by which they are constantly renewed and deepened are too comprehensive, too emotional, too much a matter of personal experience, to admit of adequate statement. It is the entire drift of thought, rather than any one line of thought, that carries the mind over to

them. Appreciating this fact, our author seeks to renew, in a full and deliberate way, the feelings which issue in the belief in immortality. He presents these sentiments in connection with the Hebrew prophets, the poets, the philosophers, with St. Paul, and with Christ. The book is fitted pleasantly to restore and deepen impressions already present.

"Natural Selection and Spiritual Freedom," by Joseph John Murphy, is a series of not very closely connected discussions which show throughout a clear rational temper, associated with very positive belief. The immediate occasion of the work is found in the volume of Professor Drummond, "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." The wide practical power of the author has given that book an influence that does not belong to it. In itself it is an unsuccessful combination of scientific notions and orthodox dogmas. There is no luminous coherence in it as a system of belief. This opening criticism leads Mr. Murphy to a wide discussion of the relation between the physical and the spiritual worlds; of the character of the analogies which lie between them and in each of them; of natural selection in the spiritual world; of future punishment and of moral freedom. These points are handled sagaciously by one whose mind responds directly to current religious belief, to science, and to philosophy. The line of thought is thus vigorous and suggestive.

The volume entitled "The Spiritual Life" is composed of six essays by as many different authors. Each treats of some portion of the history of the church in connection with mysticism. The recent devotional literature of England and of America constitute each a distinct part of the work. In this country, Channing and Emerson and Whittier are accepted as leaders of that devout tendency which subordinates dogmas and rites to the inner experiences of faith. The mysticism discussed is simply the predominance of the personal spiritual life over all its adjuncts. Mr. George Willis Cooke says of Emerson: "His temper is devout; his habitual thought is spiritual; his aim is ever toward holy living." The sketches are chiefly historical, but are also free in quotation. The indomitable belief implied in mysticism, asserting itself in the face of all destructive criticism, is a fact in the history of religion of which we are too little cognizant. Belief seems, at times, crumbling away before the manifold attacks to which it is subjected; but here is a faith, and that of superior minds, which is untouched by all assaults. Inscriptions here and there on a great monument may suffer some effacement, while the monument itself remains unmoved by the erosions of time. Such interior, invincible thoughts does mysticism disclose as belonging to our faith.

"Aspects of Theism," by Dr. William Knight, is a vigorous rendering of an old theme. It is hardly worth while for one to re-state the argument for theism, unless he is possessed of a sound philosophy, a thorough comprehension of scientific methods, and a penetrating insight into the spiritual purposes

that are now subserved by a belief in the being of God. Yet it is desirable that this argument should often be gone over. A new statement, in any measure adequate, is sure to gather up some fresh impressions, and lead us, in our estimates of the nature and character of God, to a little different goal. Our conceptions of the nature of the Divine Being must be the fruit of many personal elements, must sweep in very varied experiences, and be for each mind, in a high degree, its own solution of last questions. It is not wise to expect that those who have faith should travel quite the same paths, or reach identical conclusions, in theism. The discussion in the present volume is wide and penetrative, it encounters the real difficulties of belief, and so will help many and give adequate guidance to a few. The work is especially full in its treatment of the personality of God. "There exists within the universe, as its latent essence, pervading it in all its phenomenal life, a Principle which is also a Force unfolding itself through law, a Power which reveals itself in life, and a Character which assumes a vast variety of phases—all of which are equally true and beautiful and good" (p. 155). The author accepts an intuition of God—a doctrine not easily conceded. "It may be most fitly described as a direct gaze, by the inner eye of the spirit, into a region over which mists usually brood. The great and transcendent Reality, which it apprehends, lies evermore behind the veil of phenomena" (p. 119). What can an intuition of this order give which is not phenomenal? If it be phenomenal, what can the phenomena be? If it be a conception, why is not that conception simply a rational product in view of justifying data?

"Biblical Essays," by Bishop Lightfoot, is made up of discussions, a few of which have appeared in periodicals, but most of which are put together from notes of lectures given at Cambridge. The subjects are the authority of St. John's gospel, Paul's preparation for the ministry, the chronology of St. Paul's life and epistles, the churches of Macedonia, the church of Thessalonica, the Mission of Titus to the Corinthians, the structure and destination of the epistle to the Romans, the destination of the epistle to the Ephesians, the date of the pastoral epistles, Paul's history after the close of the Acts. The discussions are characterized by a full, candid, and adequate treatment. Bishop Lightfoot was conservative in his tendency, but in no way disposed to belittle objections, evade them, or bear them down. One finds in a work of this sort the very grave satisfaction of feeling that our current historical convictions are by no means so accidental and ill-grounded as the facile criticism of a few bold minds is wont to imply. A good deal of criticism virtually destroys itself by the ease with which it sets aside accepted opinions, and transforms the historical field into a region of loose conjecture. This volume can be heartily recommended as combining, in a high degree, a cautious temper with liberal scholarship.

JOHN BASCOM.

HOLIDAY PUBLICATIONS.

II.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.'s handsome edition of Maxime de la Rocheterie's "Life of Marie Antoinette" (well translated by Cora Hamilton Bell) should prove one of the most popular publications of the season. M. de la Rocheterie's book is a masterpiece in its way—a rare combination of brilliant, warmly-sympathetic portrayal, with candid and impartial criticism. The book is not for one moment to be confounded with the mass of flimsy and deleterious trash which has been written concerning this period of French history. Marie Antoinette has suffered about equally from unmerited praise and unmerited aspersion. Her critics have painted her as angel or as demon, according to their own bias. It has remained for M. de la Rocheterie to paint her as woman; and, happily, he has not forgotten that absolute truth of portraiture is perfectly compatible with the graceful brush and the brilliant setting. Nowhere else, in short, is this sad episode in a chapter at once the brightest and the darkest in the world's history—brightest as to its benign ideals, and darkest as to its means and methods—so fascinatingly and so impartially told. The writer's present estimate of this heroine does not differ from that formerly expressed in reviewing "The Correspondence of the Comte de Mercy with Maria Theresa": "Marie Antoinette was not a sinner, neither was she a saint. She was a pure and charming woman, somewhat heedless and frivolous, but always chaste; a queen somewhat too hot-headed in the patronage she bestowed, and inconsiderate in her political actions, but proud and energetic; a true queen, by reason of the dignity of her bearing and the splendor of her majesty; a true woman, in virtue of the seductiveness of her manners and the tenderness of her heart, till she became a martyr, through the extremity of her trials and her triumphant death." The material features of the book also call for commendation. Print and paper are good, the twenty portraits are acceptably done, and the cover is quiet and tasteful. There is also a sumptuous large-paper edition.

Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co. issue a spick and span new edition of that old-time favorite and rollicking picture of English University life forty years back, "The Adventures of Verdant Green," by Cuthbert Bede. The book was vastly popular in its day (over 150,000 copies have been sold), and we are a little curious to learn how it will strike the present public. If one is to implicitly believe the author (which we doubt), Oxford life at the period treated was a wild hurly-burly of carousing, hazing, cricketing, boating, steeple-chasing, rat-baiting, town-and-gown rows, etc., with a very mild seasoning of the classics thrown in, while the Oxford undergraduate was a sorry (if amusing) scamp, usually of the type of Lever's "Frank Webber" or Thackeray's "Foker." Some of Bede's characters are almost classic, in their small way,—as "Mr. Boun-

cer," "Gig-lamps" himself, "Mr. Blades," "Four-in-hand Fosbrooke," and last but not least "the Putney Pet." Who that has read it (as a boy) can forget Bede's epic description of the great town-and-gown battle, and the prodigies of valor performed therein by this battered hero of the "P. R."—deeds not unworthy of Diomedes and Ajax Telamon! Recalling them, one is almost inclined to agree with Mr. Besant that "The decay of boxing during the last twenty-five years has been certainly followed by a great decay of the national pluck and pugnacity, and therefore, naturally, by a decay of national enterprise." Therefore—exclaims Mr. Besant, fired by memories of the palmy days of Spring and Broughton, of "Tom" Sayers and "Jem" Belcher "the bravest of the brave"—"let all our boys be taught to fight! let there be no nonsense listened to about brutality. The world belongs to the men who can fight." We fancy we hear a pavid chorus of maternal dissent from this eminently Anglo-Saxon monition; but the monitor is more than half right. The boy who "takes the wall" at school is usually father of the man who keeps it through life. The new edition of the "Verdant Green" books is a very attractive one, with its bright, clear print, showy bindings of green and gold, and with all the original mirth-provoking illustrations.

"Inigo Jones and Wren; or, The Rise and Decline of Modern Architecture in England" (Macmillan), a handsomely-appointed quarto, by Mr. W. J. Loftie, is written, says the author, not for architects, but in the earnest hope that it may reach some of those by whom architects are employed. Our examination of the book, however, leads us to think the professional architect will find both text and illustrations of very considerable interest, despite the fact that Mr. Loftie has avoided the pedantry of talking obscurely and learnedly about triglyphs, drops, modillions, architraves, entablatures, etc., in a work meant to be intelligible to the lay reader. As the title implies, the work treats of the style of architecture practiced by Jones and Wren; and to this kind the author applies the term "Palladian," which he prefers to the only other possible word "renaissance or renaissance," as being more definite. The influence of the style, Mr. Loftie thinks, was nowhere more marked than in England, where it was adopted (chiefly through the publication in 1570 of Palladio's book) as representing classical or learned, as distinguished from Gothic, art. The book is agreeably and intelligently written, presenting matter that is of great interest to the professional reader in a style not beyond the capacity of ordinarily well-read mortals. A feature of the work is the illustrations. These are mainly from cuts published during the golden age of English Palladian; but there are many fine photographic views, especially of the beautiful buildings of the transitional period found in the western counties, where the Bath stone furnishes a relatively plastic vehicle for the expression of sentiment in building.

Partisans of the penny-whistle order of fiction

assure us that "Scott has gone out of fashion." A great many good things have gone out of fashion (and it is no less cheerful than wonderful to note how surely and overpoweringly they come in again), but the dictum about Scott does not seem to be well founded. It is not borne out, certainly, by the appearance of Messrs. Estes & Lauriat's fine new Holiday edition (in two volumes) of "Ivanhoe," a copy of which is now before us. The book is soberly yet richly bound, and it contains twenty full-page illustrations, handsomely printed on light velum paper. These are about equally divided in subject between illustrative plates proper, representing scenes and characters of the story, and photographic views of "Ivanhoe" scenery—the latter class being, in our judgment, the more successful. The editor is, of course (why say it?) the omnipresent and protean Andrew Lang; and this recalls an unknown poet's recent plaint that—

"Over every mortal thing's
The spoor of Andrew Lang."

Even this angry bard must, however, admit the modest way in which his enemy has here performed what Macaulay calls "the humblest of literary offices." He has furnished, it is true, an Introduction of some sixteen pages; but he sticks to his book and his author, and is phenomenally forgetful throughout of Mr. Lang. He tells how "Ivanhoe" was written, discusses the story in some detail, answers pedantic objections to its historical and archaeological slips, and presents, in closing, some interesting extracts from contemporary reviews. To Mr. Ruskin's talk of the "nonsense of 'Ivanhoe,' the incredibly opportune appearances of Locksley, the death of Ulrica, the resuscitation of Athelstane, as partly boyish, partly feverish," Mr. Lang rather feebly replies, "Perhaps Mr. Ruskin was never a boy"; which answer is a pretty fair case of *ignoratio elenchi*. Sir Walter himself admitted that the Athelstane resurrection was "a botch." To our thinking, a critical Introduction which deals with and therefore suggests to the mind of the reader all sorts of pettifogging objections is not just the best appetizer for a romance like "Ivanhoe." One should go to such books fresh and unsophisticated, ready and anxious to be deluded and befogged to any extent; but Mr. Lang had his task assigned him, and he has done it precisely as it should be done.

The English tourist has always contributed freely to the gayety of continental nations, but the author of "Across France in a Caravan" (Randolph) seems to have rather outdone his predecessors in liberality. The book embodies the story of a trip, *à la* Mrs. Jarley, from Bordeaux across France and the Riviera in one of those lumbering four-wheeled vehicles, half house, half wagon, affected by Gipsy tinkers and peripatetic photographers. This "caravan" had been named by her former owner (a man of strong fancy) the "Hirondelle." But as the "Hirondelle" weighed over two tons, and had never in her speediest swallow-flights been known to make

over two miles an hour, her new owner concluded to re-christen her the "Escargot." The crew of the "Escargot" consisted at the start of the author, his patient and long-suffering wife, and a collie dog which seems to have enacted the rôle of an uncommonly capacious first-cabin passenger. Essentially, the narrative is the "Escargot's" log. The story is amusingly told, and the little party made so light of their mishaps and so much of their windfalls, and had, on the whole, such a jolly, wholesome, happy-go-lucky, novel sort of time of it that the reader feels half inclined, on closing the book, to eschew Pullman cars for the future, and to take to the "caravan" himself. The author's account of a French sportsman is diverting: "Just before we reached Finhan we met a gentleman attired in all his glory of hunting-cap, velvet coat, top-boots, French horn, network gamebag, and gun, and enough dogs to make up a respectable pack of beagles, which they very strongly resembled. We were wondering what he could have come out to shoot. To our minds it couldn't be anything less than a wild boar, but he very soon satisfied our doubts by suddenly turning aside off the road, throwing himself onto one knee with his gun at the present, and, after taking deliberate aim of quite two minutes, blazing away into a flock of sparrows who were feeding on the ground." The volume is gotten up in approved Christmas style, and the illustrations, after sketches by the author, add much to the humor of the text.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons reprint in attractive style Julia Kavanagh's "Woman in France during the Eighteenth Century"—a work which at least attests its author's copious reading. Unhappily, Mrs. Kavanagh starts out with what may be called the vindictory tone. She proposes to vindicate the claim of her sex to having exercised some influence on French affairs in the eighteenth century—or, to put it another way, to having been then, and *a fortiori* now, an integral and efficient part of the human race. The proposition does not seem, on the whole, a difficult one; and we are always at a loss, when we hear it advanced, to know when or by whom it was ever controverted. Man, we know on episcopal authority, "is vile." Besides, he is notoriously prejudiced against a sex to which his mother and sisters belong, and from which he must perforce choose his wife. But we doubt if he is unreasonable enough to deny that woman has been, time out of mind, a potential factor in the progress and the propagation of the human race. We get a little weary sometimes of this gratuitous clatter over the question as to the comparative efficiency of the sexes. Why not argue, by way of a change, as to which blade of a pair of scissors does the more cutting? Mrs. Kavanagh's work is superficial, but it is chatty and anecdotal enough, and the portraits on steel and other embellishments bestowed upon it by the publishers make it an alluring gift-book.

Outwardly similar to the work just noticed is the Messrs. Putnam's new two-volume edition of Fran-

ces Elliot's lengthy historical romance, "Old Court Life in France." The tale is laid in the sixteenth century, and the author has aimed, as she says, to work into her dialogue "each word and sentence recorded of the individual, every available trait of character to be found in contemporary memoirs, every tradition that has come down to us." Obviously, such a method does not admit of much play of imagination, and is eminently conducive to scrappiness. As a historical picture the story is of some interest, and it forms an excellent basis for the many and interesting illustrations, mostly portraits, contained in the present edition. These have been reprinted from the plates in Miss Pardoe's "Memoirs of the French Court."

Very neat and serviceable is Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.'s compact edition, in two volumes, of the "Journal of Eugénie de Guérin." To speak of Mdlle. de Guérin is to recall Matthew Arnold, who, in praising her, quite forgot what Mr. Lowell called his "jury-addressing manner," and warmed into something like Mr. Lowell's own munificence. Eugénie de Guérin, says Mr. Arnold, was "the most devoted of sisters, one of the rarest and most beautiful of souls. . . . Her soul had the same characteristic quality as her brother's talent—*distinction*. Of this quality the world is impatient; it chafes against it, rails at it, insults it, hates it;—it ends by receiving its influence, and by undergoing its law. . . . To the circle of spirits marked by this rare quality, Maurice and Eugénie de Guérin belong; they will take their place in the sky which these inhabit, and shine close to one another, *lucida sidera*." Mr. Arnold's estimate of Mdlle. de Guérin was doubtless warmed and heightened by his interest in her touching story. The "Journal" (written for her brother's eye alone) remains, however, one of the few examples in literature of frank self-disclosure; and as such, if for no other quality, it deserves to live.

Mrs. Alfred Gatty's "Parables from Nature" are issued in two rather pleasing volumes by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Mrs. Gatty's productions will doubtless always find readers; but we confess to some doubt as to the precise class of them she means to address—whether adults or children. The teaching of the "Parables" seems a little too elementary for "grown-ups," while the language in which it is couched must baffle the intellectuals of any child short of an infant phenomenon. The text is well printed on lightly-glazed paper, and M. de Longpré's drawings are so graceful and pleasing as to make one wish there were more of them.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co.'s neat and inexpensive edition of "The Abbé Constantin" (Handy-Volume Classics) bids fair to score "a palpable hit." It is nicely printed and bound, and contains a great number of text illustrations, in half-tone, by Madeleine Lemaire, with a frontispiece and ornamental title-page in photogravure. Those who already have M. Halévy's classic tale in the large and sumptuous

editions, which are meant to be looked at, will be glad to find it in this pretty and portable volume, which is meant to be read.

Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons add to their excellent series of Representative Novels Frederika Bremer's "The Home; or, Life in Sweden," in Mary Howitt's standard translation. The work is in two shapely 16mo volumes, and the good paper, bright new type, and neat exterior should assist materially in rehabilitating this prime favorite of near half a century ago.

A seasonable gift-book and an approved compilation is Mr. Louis K. Harlow's "The World's Best Hymns" (Little, Brown, & Co.). Mr. Harlow also furnishes the illustrations—a number of pretty landscape sketches, in which he has aimed to reflect the mood and sentiment of the accompanying verses. The collection is a book of hymns, rather than a hymn-book; and Mr. Harlow has tried to include in it "the best English lyrical poetry that has been immediately associated with sacred music, and hallowed by long and constant use in the service of song in the home and the church." Few of the old favorites will be missed, and hymns by Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, and Mrs. Stowe are included, by permission of the publishers. The black-letter titles and rubricated initials have a good decorative effect.

The small quarto volume entitled "Pictures from Nature and Life" (McClurg) contains a collection of poems by Kate Raworth Holmes, copiously illustrated by Helen E. Stevenson. The illustrations to the opening poem, which describes a day's outing in "Merrie England," are apt and effective, with one unfortunate exception. The final plate, representing an everyday young man posing for his portrait in a sack coat and an exasperatingly sentimental attitude, coming as it does after the dreamy bits of English landscape, views of hallowed historical sites and memorials, etc., savors a little of pictorial bathos. Perhaps the young man meets the exigencies of the text; but we think he could be spared. Notably graceful and natural are the sprays and nosegays of leaves and blossoms strewn throughout the pages.

The ever-popular "Lucille" makes its periodical appearance, this time in imperial 8vo, and resplendent in a cover of white vellum-cloth decorated with rich tracery and medallions in gilt, red, and blue. (Estes). The text is largely and clearly printed on rather thick paper, and there are a goodly number of illustrations, partly illustrative drawings, and partly photographic views of scenery, works of art, etc., touched upon in or suggested by the text. The volume is showy without being tawdry, and it should attract attention.

Mr. William Trumbull's romantic poem, "The Legend of the White Canoe" (Putnam), profusely illustrated in photogravure from the designs of F. V. Du Mond, forms a sufficiently striking presentation volume. The poem is based on the tradition touching an old custom of the Indian tribes of

Western New York to assemble on certain occasions at Niagara and offer sacrifice to the Spirit of the Falls. "The sacrifice," explains Mr. Trumbull, "consisted of a white birch-bark canoe, which was sent over the terrible cliff, filled with ripe fruits and blooming flowers, and bearing the fairest girl in the tribe who had just attained the age of womanhood." We may add that in the poem which ensues matters are reversed, and it is the girl, not the canoe, that plays the leading role. Mr. Trumbull's verse is rather above the average of its class, and as much may be said of Mr. Du Mond's drawings.

In the middle of the last century the King's Library at London had sixty-three editions of Thomas à Kempis's "The Imitation of Christ," including translations into eight languages. The number of editions has increased considerably since then; and Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co. now add their quota in the shape of a dainty 18mo that should prove a delight to pious souls. It is illustrated with fifteen drawings depicting scenes in the life of Christ, by H. Hofman, Director of the Royal Academy of Arts at Dresden.

"Helpful Words" (Roberts) is the truthful and sufficiently explanatory title of a sheaf of monitory passages from the writings of Edward Everett Hale. They are compiled by Mary B. Merrill; and each extract is faced by a drawing by F. T. Merrill, whose designs, though slight, are apt and pleasing. The little booklet is prettily bound in white and gold.

"Christmas Carols" (Thomas Whittaker), a comely booklet suggestive of old-fashioned Christmas cheer and observances, contains the words of the three fine carols, "In the field with their flocks abiding," "In sorrow and in want," and "All jubilant with psalm and hymn"—each with two photogravure plates of the Madonna and Child, after well-known originals. The Carols are printed by permission of Canon Farrar, who will doubtless be pleased to see them so satisfactorily mounted.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. issue a new edition of "Picciola," in form generally similar to their "Collette" and "An Attic Philosopher" of the past two seasons. Since M. "Saintine" (or rather M. Joseph Xavier Boniface) won, in 1837, the Montyon prize of 3,000 fr. for his pretty and touching tale it has gone on reproducing itself, so to speak, at a marvellous rate. In 1861 it reached a thirty-seventh edition; and since then there have been probably half a score more. One has only to read "Picciola" to learn the secret of its surprising vitality. The publishers have made, in some respects, a pretty volume; but candor compels us to say that J. F. Gueldry's drawings are sad productions.

Emerson observed of Bryant that he has so contrived to levy on all American nature that there is no feature of day or night in the country which does not, to a contemplative mind, recall his name. This is certainly putting the case pretty strongly—

though we fancy, indeed, that there are at least few people upon whom the sight of the fringed gentian or of a waterfowl does not have the effect indicated. Bryant loved nature and painted her accurately, as many of the selections in Appleton & Co.'s "Poems of Nature, by William Cullen Bryant" attest. The volume is of the ornate class, and it is profusely illustrated by Paul de Longpré. Some of M. de Longpré's drawings, as the sheaf of golden-rod on page 45 and the dainty vignette to "Robert of Lincoln" on page 88, are pretty and graceful; but there is a tendency to over-elaboration—which in work of the kind always means stiffness. M. de Longpré's slighter drawings are invariably the happier. As a collection, the volume is an excellent one. There are forty-five poems in all, beginning with the fine lines "To a Waterfowl" and ending with "Our Fellow-Worshippers."

One of the daintiest of Holiday souvenirs is a reprint of Austin Dobson's "Proverbs in Porcelain," from the press of Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, with twenty-four illustrations and ornamental vignettes by Bernard Partridge. The "Proverbs" were first published in 1877, and to them is now added the "dramatic vignettes" "*Au Revoir*," from "At the Sign of the Lyre." The quality of Mr. Dobson's airy little studies is already known to our readers, and it only remains for us to commend Mr. Partridge's extremely clever and vigorous drawings—a thought too vigorous, perhaps, for their delicate setting.

The intrinsic merit and fair exterior of the new and modified edition of Redgrave's standard "A Century of Painters of the English School" (imported by Scribners), combine to make it a desirable gift-book. The work was first issued in 1865; and in preparing the present edition some abridgements have been made with a view of making it a more suitable and convenient manual for art students and amateurs. The merits of Mr. Redgrave's book, and his own exceptional qualification as a historian of British art are too well established to need comment. There are a number of wood-cuts of varying merit; and the futile strivings of British art in the direction of "the Grand Style" are strikingly exemplified by the plates after Northcote and Haydon—and, we regret to add, Reynolds. Why the gracious Sir Joshua, the painter, *par excellence*, of England's charming women and children, should be represented in a history of English painting by his vapid and unrepresentative "Head of a Banished Lord" passeth understanding. Gainsborough fares better. His "The Cottage Door" forms a lovely frontispiece.

The following, much to our regret, reached us too late for anything beyond an enumeration in the present category: "Rembrandt, his Life, his Work, and his Time," from the French of Emile Michel, by Florence Simmonds, published by Messrs. Scribner's Sons; Frederick D. Thompson's "In the Track of the Sun" (Appleton); Edwin A. Barber's "Pot-

tery and Porcelain of the United States" (Putnam); Messrs. Porter & Coates's two-volume edition of Blackmore's "Lorna Doone"; "Some Artists at the Fair" (Scribner); "Humorous Poems by Hood," (Macmillan), illustrated by C. E. Brock; and "Gypsying beyond the Sea" (Randolph), two volumes of travel-sketches.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

II.

"My Dark Companions and their Strange Stories" (Scribner) is from no less famous a pen than that of Henry M. Stanley. The book is a collection of legends and folk-tales related at different times by the dark companions of his travels, as they sat about the camp-fire after a long day's march. The stories possess a kind of primeval freshness and originality. They are often picturesque, sometimes weird, occasionally humorous. The first legend, which gives an account of the creation of man, offers a very ingenious explanation of the presence of sin in the world. When the earth lay awaiting the coming of life, its sole inhabitant was a great ugly toad. The moon and the toad each wished to have the honor of creating man. The toad accomplished his purpose first, producing an ugly, ill-formed, degraded creature; and when the work was finished, the toad died. The moon did all she could to repair the error by remoulding the creature, and succeeded in giving him a fairer form and a more enlightened mind; but do what she would, there was left in his soul the stain from the hand of his creator. Such stories render the book scarcely less interesting to the folk-lore enthusiast than to the children for whom it is primarily intended.

"Westward with Columbus" (Scribner) is still another tribute to the greatness of the Genoese explorer, in which the author, Mr. Gordon Stables, R. N., seeks to present in story form a rather detailed account of the life of the great mariner from the beginning to the close. The work is done in an appreciative way, with a manifest reverence for the greatness of the hero, and an unmistakable ring of earnestness about it. It is, however, to be regretted that what is in many respects a charming book should be marred by the occasional use of a forced and stilted style. The mechanical neatness of the volume is to be commended, and the illustrations by Mr. Alfred Pease are good.

Mrs. Molly Elliot Seawell has, in her book entitled "Paul Jones" (Appleton), entered a field which is comparatively new to this form of tillage. The work is avowedly a romance, but the figure of our gallant first Commodore is one that readily lends itself to fiction, the simplest account of facts of his life reading like the most exciting novel. Our boys and girls cannot become too familiar with the character of this brave, dashing, yet gentle and kindly man. Mrs. Seawell is obviously a hero-worshipper, but she has chosen her hero so judiciously and tells his story so acceptably that her little book should be given a hearty welcome.

A book of interest to older readers as well as young is Mrs. Sarah K. Bolton's "Famous Voyagers and Explorers" (Crowell). It consists of eight sketches of men who have given their lives to increase the sum of human knowledge. The lives of Columbus, Marco Polo, Magellan, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir John Franklin and other Arctic explorers, Dr. Livingston, and Commo-

dore Perry are given in a clear, sympathetic, enthusiastic way, the salient points in the history of each being made prominent, while the whole series forms a narrative of events very stirring and inspiring in themselves. The book is well illustrated with portraits of the famous men described.

The loss of a galleon laden with gold from Mexico, and its discovery more than three centuries later after having been turned into a veritable ship of coral by the industry of the tiny inhabitants of the sea, is the basis of a story by Mr. Kirk Munroe, entitled "The Coral Ship" (Putnam). The adventures of the three boys cast away on a lonely island, their discovery of the sunken ship, their efforts to recover the treasure, and their final rescue will make entertaining and exciting reading for any boy. As in all of Mr. Munroe's works, the style is crisp and spirited.

In "Rodney the Overseer" (Porter & Coates) Mr. Harry Castlemon continues a series of war stories in which the scene of action is Louisiana. An interesting and politically instructive phase of the great struggle between the North and South is told with vigor and fairness.

"In a New World" (Porter & Coates), by Mr. Horatio Alger, Jr., continues the narration of the adventures of an American boy, and takes him with a companion to the gold fields of Australia in search of a fortune, which, after adventures with bushrangers, struggles with poverty, and disappointments, they find in the shape of a phenomenally large nugget.

"Half-Hours with Jimmieboy" (Russell), by Mr. John Kendrick Bangs, will afford many a half-hour's pleasant diversion to the busy little men who seem always to need "some new thing." The astonishing adventures which overtake this youthful hero in the Land of Nod are recounted with a sympathetic appreciation of a child's fantastic imagination. The idea of the Bicyclopedia Bird will delight any fun-loving child because of its supreme absurdity. The various stories are very acceptably illustrated by several artists.

In his search for material for a young folks' book, Mr. D. O. S. Lowell has left the modern work-a-day world and gone back to the inexhaustible mine of Greek mythology, giving as a result of his labors a little volume entitled "Jason's Quest" (Leach, Sewell & Co.). In it he has undertaken the task of giving this and a few other Greek myths a fit setting for young readers; and he has succeeded better than many of those who have attempted similar feats, for he gives the stories with truthfulness and poetic feeling. He has been careful not to permit too many parallel myths to appear, thus escaping a fruitful source of failure; as too great a profusion of details tends inevitably to confuse and bewilder the mind of a child. Mr. C. W. Reed has illustrated the book with several spirited drawings.

Of quite a different sort is the book by Miss Margaret Miller, "My Saturday Bird Class" (Heath). As the author says in her preface, she seeks to induce others to interest children in Nature, and especially in birds. Teachers will find the little book useful, through the concise information concerning different bird families, which is appended to each chapter. The chapter on "Billy Wren's Housekeeping," which has appeared before, is especially sweet and attractive.

Somewhat similar in purpose is the little volume of tuneful rhymes by Mary Howitt, entitled "Sketches of Natural History" (Nelson). The writer certainly pos-

cesses a strong love for nature and a comprehension of its beauties. The habits and haunts of animals, birds, and insects are described in a very pleasing style. Occasionally a bit of philosophy is introduced rather beyond the comprehension of a child, but it is as an undercurrent, and does not materially mar the effect. The many engravings, from drawings by H. Giacomelli, have the high merit which we wish all illustrations for children's books might possess.

Mary E. Bamford, the author of "Talks by Queer Folks" (Lothrop), certainly brings to her task an enthusiastic love of nature. As in her previous work, she has chosen a very pleasant way of teaching the characteristics and habits of well-known animals and insects. They are made to speak for themselves, and in a very chatty and friendly way tell of their own virtues and the faults of their friends. Many Indian and Oriental legends connected with them in the past are related in the book.

In the complicated process of a child's education his sense of humor should not be neglected. For this reason, any book should be welcomed which in a clever way rises above the dead level of commonplace seriousness and appeals to this side of his nature. "Odd Business" (Lothrop), by Mr. Lewis Bridgman, is such a book, replete with fun and fancy. A short series of mock advertisements, which give the book its name, form a laughable collection of jingling rhymes and startling puns, but its most charming feature is the collection of little stories dealing with the mischievous Indian fairies, the Puk-Wudjies mentioned by Longfellow in "Hiawatha." They have about them the untrammelled freedom of the forest, and are as dainty and fantastic as could be wished. The sketches accompanying them are capital; indeed, the illustrations throughout the book show artistic feeling as well as a keen sense of humor.

Boys are not much addicted to reading essays, but if any who are old enough to grasp some of the problems of life chance to look into the pages of the little volume called "The Sunny Days of Youth" (Scribner) they will find plenty to repay them. This is a collection of essays full of common-sense and good advice for boys and young men, enlivened by stories and humorous anecdotes. The exterior of the book is pleasing, and it may well form a part of any boy's library.

A sweet little story of childish faith and its triumph is told by Miss A. G. Plympton in "Robin's Recruit" (Roberts). Robin is the little son of a captain in the army stationed at a frontier post, who takes a childish fancy to a rough soldier of whom everyone else expects only ill. The little fellow's confidence and affection shame the man whose past life has been a long chapter of wrong-doing, partly the result of the careless heartlessness of his fellows. He at last plans to desert; but the thought of his little friend holds him back. The next day there is a fire which threatens the lives of the whole garrison. The rough soldier is the means of saving the fort, but loses his own life. The story is told with interest and feeling, and teaches a forcible lesson, though it never preaches.

"Stephen Mitchell's Journey" (Lothrop) is a story from the pen of the indefatigable Mrs. Alden, who writes, as usual, with an earnest purpose. The picture she draws of the hero—a rough, uncouth, unawakened lad, listening to a lecture by some famous preacher and wondering if he can be speaking English, so strange it all sounds,—is full of tragic significance. The story hinges

upon the efforts of a young minister and his sister to bring the civilizing influence of a practical Christianity to bear upon the family of a poor and ignorant farmer.

Unlike Mr. W. O. Stoddard's other books this year, "The White Cave" (The Century Co.) deals with a subject not at all historical. He takes his readers far away to the wilderness or "bush" of Australia, and gives them enough excitement to satisfy the wildest desire of any boyish heart. The adventures crowd thick and fast; one hair-breadth escape follows another. The whole is a bewildering *mélange* of English gentry lost in the woods, of bushrangers, wild black men, and forest wolves. On the whole, the work savors a little too much of sensationalism to be entirely wholesome.

Hans Christian Andersen's story of "The Little Mermaid," with a few "Other Stories" added, comes in the form of a charming gift-book from the Putnam Press. The translator, Mr. R. Nesbit Bain, gives a biographical sketch of his author, together with a rather disparaging criticism of previous English translations of his work. For his own version, it must be said that his English is simple and strong, and that he catches the quaint humor which is one of the chief charms of this children's friend. The volume is very dainty as to its cover; and the drawings by Mr. J. R. Weguelin are delightful.

The dedication of Mr. John Barry's little tale of "The Princess Margaret" (Allen)—"To all little girls who wish to be princesses"—tells its purpose very fairly. The story is a very sad one, being an account of the unhappiness of a little princess during her short life of five years. She is neglected by her ambitious parents, who cannot forgive her for being a girl; and she is left to her dreams and her fancies, which are often full of poetry. The little volume appears in a very attractive form.

Two very dainty little volumes appear in the "Children's Favorite Classics Series" (Crowell). Both are reprints—one, of the ever astonishing "Adventures of Alice in Wonderland"; the other, "The Adventures of a Brownie," a delightful bit of nonsense, by Miss Mulock. The illustrations of the two volumes, with the exception of the two ill-fitting prints that serve as frontispieces, are very clever.

A sober little volume in russet binding, written and well illustrated by Mr. Clifton Johnson, is called "The Country School" (Appleton). School life in the country when the century was young, and also that of the present time, are portrayed with sympathetic fidelity. The hardships and the simple pleasures, the punishments and rewards, the quaint customs and primitive methods, are all pictured with graphic touches.

"Woodie Thorpe's Pilgrimage" (Lee & Shepard) is a collection of short stories by Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, whose stories always show that he understands boy character and knows how to delineate it. His boys are healthful energetic youngsters, with plenty of spirit and adventure. The present volume is perhaps not quite up to his usual standard, though there are a number of wide-awake boys and many interesting happenings in it.

Genuine American boy-life is depicted by Mr. Robert Grant in the two juvenile books he offers this year, "Jack Hall" and "Jack in the Bush" (Scribner). Jack is not by any means perfect; he gets into numberless scrapes, but is so manly and frank through it all that he can be forgiven. The first of the two volumes is a story of a boy's life at a large boarding-school; and the descriptions of baseball and rowing contests will delight

the soul of any fun-loving boy. "Jack in the Bush" takes the same hero, with five comrades and two older friends, into the wilds of the Maine woods. The moral atmosphere of both books is fresh and pure, and several useful lessons are unobtrusively taught.

Somewhat out of the usual field of romance lies the region of ice and snow claimed by the Esquimaux; but it is into this land of doubtful promise that Mr. Ballantyne has penetrated, and he has brought back a tale which he calls "The Walrus Hunters" (Nelson). His wish in writing it, as defined in his short prefatory note, is to urge the abandonment of war and the establishing of more peaceful relations between nations. The characters of the book are so far removed from common experience that the lesson is perhaps the more willingly accepted. There are a number of exciting encounters between the Esquimaux and their neighbors the Dogrib Indians; and the romance wrought from the lives of an Esquimaux youth and a Dogrib maiden is quite poetic in its simplicity.

Mr. Henry Willard French, in "Oscar Peterson, Ranchman and Ranger" (Lothrop), takes for his theme life in the Far West in the earlier and rougher days. It seems a wildly improbable and wholly useless narrative.

Additional stories for boys, for which we have space left for hardly more than an enumeration, are "John Boyd's Adventures" (Appleton), a story of a sailor-boy's life at the beginning of the century, by Thomas Knox; "The Wreck of the Golden Fleece" (Scribner), written by Robert Leighton, and possessing a well-laid plot vigorously handled; "Marking the Boundary" (Price-McGill Co.), by E. E. Billings; "Schooldays in Italy" (Estes & Lauriat), by André Laurie; "Through Apache Land" (Price-McGill Co.), by Lieutenant Jayne; "The Romance of a Schoolboy" (Price-McGill Co.), by Mary A. Denison; and "Childhood Days," a simple and effective little story of pioneer life in Tennessee, by Sarah E. Morrison.

The books avowedly for girls are very much in the minority this season. Though these few possess usually the right flavor, we regret to say that if our girls confined their attention to the books written especially for them they would be much the losers. Fortunately, however, many of the very best juveniles are as good for girls as for boys.

Miss Anna Chapin Ray's "Margaret Davis, Tutor" (Crowell) is one of the most delightful girls' books that the season offers. Miss Ray's style often reminds one of Miss Alcott's unerring judgment as to what will suit young folks. The conversations are clever and bright, and the life of the young tutor and her charges is a very engaging one. The love-episode is not unduly forced into prominence, and its modest treatment adds another charm to what is really a very fresh and invigorating book.

Like the voice of an old friend to the many girls whose hearts warm at the name of Louisa Alcott will come the "Comic Tragedies" (Roberts), written by "Jo and Meg," and acted by "The Little Women." This is a collection of six plays written and acted by Miss Alcott and her sisters when they were girls at home forty years ago. Though full of fantastic sentiment, overstrained feeling, and absurd situations, these youthful effusions show the play of a very lively imagination and a sparkle of dramatic fire.

"Ingleside" (Crowell), with Barbara Yechton's name

on the title-page, has about it an atmosphere as sweet and pure as that of the old garden beside the mansion which gives the story its name. The theme—reconciliation through the love of a child—is an old one, but Miss Yechton has not let it lose any of its freshness. The dear little maiden, with her quaint name, Theodosia, is very sweet and winsome as she tries to forget her homesickness when left alone with her stern grand-aunt. The drawing which Jessie McDermott has made of the little maid, arrayed in one of her grandmother's gowns, is very fascinating.

A collection of nine stories for girls, entitled "The Barberry Bush" (Roberts), comes from Miss Susan Coolidge. They are all bright and entertaining sketches of girl life, the one which gives the book its name being perhaps the best.

Besides her story for boys, Mrs. Alden has this year a little volume for girls which includes a number of short stories entitled "Worth Having" (Lothrop). Each one has a very marked lesson to teach, "In the Great Walled Country" being by far the best.

"Jenny Wren's Boarding House" (Estes & Lauriat), by Mr. James Otis, tells of the efforts of a poor young girl to keep a boarding-house for newsboys. The boys themselves are the directors and managers, and their business efforts are often as absurd as those of their elders.

"The Children's Year Book" (Roberts) is an extensive collection of quotations from the Bible and from the writings of famous men, carefully selected by Miss Edith Emerson Forbes. They seem a little beyond the comprehension of the readers aimed at, yet children will often catch the beauty of a simple thought.

"A Question of Honor" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), by Lynde Palmer, is a book to interest both boys and girls. It deals with a question of business morals, and works out the solution in the mind of the hero on the line that Emerson takes when he speaks of changing one's "market-cart for a chariot of the sun." There is no false sentiment in the book; nothing but stern truth, and just treatment of it.

For very little folk but few books are offered this year. We may mention "Ruby's Ups and Downs" (Estes & Lauriat), by Miss Minnie Paull, which seems to point a moral with undue clearness; "Little Ones' Annual" (Estes & Lauriat), and "Twenty Little Maidens" (Lippincott), by Amy E. Blanchard.

A few other books for children must be dismissed with a word of mention. "The Child's Day Book" (Lothrop), by "Margaret Sidney," gives prayers and verses for each day of the week, and has five full-page colored inserts. "Chatterbox" (Estes), which is always with us, appears as varied and attractive as ever in the volume for this year. The bound volume for 1893 of "Harper's Young People" needs no word of praise; it is full of good things, and the best of all is the frontispiece, Mr. Kruell's engraving from a photograph of Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Jacob A. Riis has put his acquaintance with the New York slums to good purpose in "Nibsy's Christmas" (Scribner), a collection of three stories for children, dedicated, for her charitable activities, to the Queen of Denmark. "Under the Nursery Lamp" (Randolph) is a collection of verses by various hands, having childhood for their subject, and illustrated by photogravures; most of the pieces are unnamed, but among the others we note verses by Messrs. Dobson and Stevenson. Two exquisite little gift-books,

boxed together, are "Memoirs of a London Doll" and "The Doll and Her Friends" (Brentano), by Mrs. Fairstar, who wishes "to say a word in favor of that good old-fashioned plaything, the doll"; the illustrations are by Mr. Frank M. Gregory. "Witch Winnie in Paris" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is written in the fresh and breezy style of its author, Mrs. E. W. Champney. "Elsie at Ion" is the nineteenth volume in Martha Finley's "Elsie Books" series, issued by the same publishers.

NEW YORK TOPICS.

New York, December 9, 1893.

It is a far cry from New York to San Francisco, and the proof-reader's insertion of the latter city's name before "Examiner," in my last letter, apparently transferred my friend, Mr. Henry C. Vedder, the whole distance in one breathless leap. I say "apparently," because everybody knows that the "Examiner" is the leading Baptist weekly in the country and is published here in New York. No, Mr. Vedder is still managing editor of the "Examiner," and has no present intention of leaving that periodical for the "San Francisco Examiner" or any other daily newspaper. The series of essays which he has been printing on "Living American Writers" has, then, appeared in the "Examiner" of this city and there only. Mention of a religious weekly reminds me how numerous and how ably edited this class of periodicals is in New York. The "Independent" and the "Outlook" (formerly "Christian Union") seem to take the lead from a literary point of view, but the "Observer," the "Churchman," the "Examiner," and the "Evangelist," although more sectarian in character, follow the others very closely. The "Christian at Work" publishes its "annual literary number" this week, containing a number of interesting articles, notably one on the history and personnel of our leading publishing firms, by Mr. Henry W. Domett.

Professor Tyndall's death calls to mind his close relations with the firm of D. Appleton & Co., who introduced his works in this country, and have since remained his American publishers. He was also an intimate friend and correspondent of the late Professor Edward L. Youmans, founder and so long editor of the "Popular Science Monthly." When Professor Tyndall came over, in 1872, to deliver his lectures on the phenomena and laws of light, it will be remembered, he declined to profit by the venture. "I will not lecture for the sake of money," he said, "nor would I bring away a dollar of the proceeds of my labor." All the receipts above actual expenses were put in the hands of three trustees, the interest of the fund to be used for the assistance of such young men as desired to devote themselves to original scientific study and research. The plan did not work very well, however; it was hard to reach desirable beneficiaries, and so, in 1885, with Professor Tyndall's consent, the fund—which had meanwhile increased from \$13,000 to \$32,000—was applied to the founding of scholarships in physical science at Harvard, Columbia, and the University of Pennsylvania. This final disposition was arranged by Mr. William W. Appleton, who has kindly permitted me to make extracts from two or three of Professor Tyndall's letters to Professor Youmans.

When lecturing in Boston, the former wrote: "The lectures are going on, but they are difficult. The people crowd to hear them, and Mr. Lowell declares that never

previously were they held so fast in the lecture-room. I give them an hour and a half, though warned that they would not stand more than an hour. . . . Go on and prosper, my dear Youmans, in the work you have undertaken. I hardly know any man in Europe or America who enjoys your opportunity of doing good, and the best of it is that it is an opportunity created by yourself." (This refers to the "International Science Series.")

Again, after his return to England, Professor Tyndall wrote: "I have just time to say that before this week ends a revised copy of the Belfast Address shall be on its way to you. It has caused a tremendous commotion. How foolish they are! . . . Cardinal Cullen has just appointed three days of prayer to keep infidelity out of Ireland!" (The address had been denounced as a declaration of materialism.)

Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, with Messrs. Appleton & Co., has summed up Tyndall's character for THE DIAL in a few well-chosen words as follows: "Personally, Tyndall was very modest, quiet and reserved, and a hater of notoriety. When he was lecturing in this country he refused many invitations and was sometimes considered unduly reserved. Among his friends, however, he was very genial and entertaining; and he was the life of the little club of scientists in London, to which he belonged in company with Spencer, Huxley, and others. He was devoted to science, to the exclusion of most outside distractions except the society of his close friends, although in later years he naturally took an active interest in the administration of scientific departments of the English government."

I learn from Messrs. Harper & Brothers that Miss Constance Fenimore Woolson has given up her house at Bellosguardo, Florence, and has taken an old palace at San Gregorio, Venice, which city she now intends making her home for several years. This will be a genuine disappointment to Miss Woolson's friends, who have understood that she contemplated an early return to America. Her new novel, "Horace Chase," which has been running in "Harper's Monthly," will be published in book form early in the new year. Messrs. Harper have just brought out the first volume of "Orations and Addresses" by George William Curtis. There will be three of these handsome octavos, and a fourth volume of the same author's "Essays." The firm had succeeded in interesting Mr. Curtis in this project only a short time before his death, he considering his speeches on public occasions too ephemeral for preservation. Those who were fortunate enough to hear his remarks at the dinner in honor of the passing of the International Copyright Bill, or indeed any of his more notable addresses, will look for these volumes with interest. The same firm has also just issued Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "The Rulers of the Mediterranean," compiled from his articles in the "Weekly." It is characteristic of the period that when Mr. Davis sailed from New York in search of the material for this book, he had as a fellow-passenger Dr. Henry M. Field, of the "Evangelist," who was also bent on obtaining matter for a similar volume. Dr. Field's letters appeared in the "Evangelist," and, as already announced in THE DIAL, are published by Messrs. Scribner as "The Barbary Coast." To cap the climax and end this merry competition, the books came out on the same day this week.

One of the most interesting announcements for the new year is the early publication by Messrs. Scribner of the authorized "Life" of Dean Stanley, by Rowland E. Prothero, late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford,—

doubly interesting on account of Mr. Prothero's having just accepted the editorship of the "Quarterly Review."

It is pleasant for all who met that eager and lovable young Englishman, Gleeson White, during his year's editorship of an art journal in this city, to learn that the London "Studio" is achieving such a marked success under his management. Mr. Gleeson White is also editing the new "Ex Libris" series, of which two volumes have already appeared, "Printers' Marks" by W. Roberts, and "English Book-Plates" by Egerton Castle. A third is just announced, the "Little Passion" of Albert Dürer, with an introduction by Mr. Austin Dobson. As to books for book lovers, *éditions de luxe*, etc., printed in this country, I have been much impressed in recent letters from English friends to find frequent mention of—the Riverside Press, Mr. De Vinne, or the University Press, say you?—no, indeed, Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, Maine. He stirred up the younger English "illuminati" mightily with his beautiful reproductions of Meredith's "Modern Love" and Thomson's "City of Dreadful Night," for which, I remember, Mrs. Cavazza wrote the "forewords." Now he is bringing out a lovely little "Bibelot Series," as all may know by his advertisements; but what all may not know is that he has had the title-pages of the two anthologies already issued, "Old World Lyrics" and "Songs of Adieu," specially cut after the style of the Aldines. He got this idea from reading Pollard's "Last Words on the History of the Title-page."

There is much of interest to chronicle, but I suppose the reviews of Christmas books will not permit a long letter. I cannot help referring to the amusing advertisement of a publisher in an English literary weekly. A long list of books by more than one nobody in particular is given, while underneath the whole is a notice to the effect that "Authors (known and unknown) desirous of having their Works published to the best advantage should communicate with —, —, & Co., Publishers, — St." What a dreadful slaughter of innocents! We do this thing more discreetly in the "States," bearing in mind the advice of good Master Isaak Walton, who tells us how to impale Master Froggy upon a hook for our bait, and who advises us, in so doing, to "use him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as you may possibly, that he may live the longer."

ARTHUR STEDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES AND NEWS.

Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. announce an abridged school edition of "Ekkehard," edited by Miss Carla Wenckebach.

"The Midland Magazine," a new monthly, to be edited by Mr. Johnson Brigham, is announced for early publication at Des Moines, Iowa.

The Johns Hopkins Press has just published "The Genus Salpa," a comprehensive monograph by Professor W. K. Brooks. The work is in two volumes, one of them containing fifty-seven colored plates.

Madame Taine is said to be correcting the proofs of the last instalment of her lamented husband's "Origines de la France Contemporaine," the volume dealing with the clergy, which was left nearly finished at the author's death.

The Open Court Publishing Co. announces "The Redemption of the Brahman," by Professor Garbe, of

Königsberg, who was a delegate to the Philological Congress held in Chicago last summer. The book is a philosophical novel.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. announce "Pain, Pleasure, and Aesthetics," by Mr. H. R. Marshall; "Mental Development in the Child and the Race," by Prof. J. M. Baldwin; and a volume of lectures on modern mathematics, by Professor Felix Klein.

On the 19th of next April—the Concord anniversary—a Latin play will be given by Harvard students in the college theatre. The "Phormio" of Terence has been chosen, and music has been written by Prof. F. D. Allen. Professor Greenough has written a prologue, and the libretto is now being printed at Cambridge.

As we surmised, in our recent mention of "My Friend the Murderer," the volume turns out to have been a collection of early stories and sketches. We now learn that they were republished without the author's sanction, and Dr. Doyle has issued a card of protest against the "enterprise" which has thus misrepresented him.

Mrs. Edwina Booth Grossmann, the daughter of Edwin Booth, is writing some reminiscences of her father, and requests his friends who possess letters from him to send her transcripts of such as they may wish to add to her publication. They should be addressed to Mrs. Ignatius R. Grossmann, 12 West 18th Street, New York.

To the list of biographies of Confederate generals will soon be added a life of General Polk, written by his son, Dr. William Polk, of New York, and to be published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. The work will contain a full account of Polk's labors as Bishop of Louisiana, of his founding the University at Sewanee, and his actions in the war till his death on the field of battle. It will be illustrated with portraits and with original maps and battle plans.

The recent reduction of nearly one-half in the price of "The Forum" is doubly gratifying. It is fortunate that this excellent review should be brought so much nearer the reach of the public, and it is pleasant to think that public appreciation of its value should already have placed it in a position to make the reduction possible. "The Forum" has steadily improved in quality during the past two or three years, and our only quarrel with it is that its articles are not always long enough to give adequate treatment to their subjects.

"Social England," a work in six volumes, edited by Mr. H. D. Traill, but written by many hands, will soon be published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. The work has been primarily designed, the editor states, "to supply a clear and consecutive account of the progress of the people of England in the several departments and activities of human life. The subjects considered have been so framed and the material so arranged that the work can be read with pleasure and instruction by the general reader interested simply in the wonderful story unfolded by it, while it has been planned expressly with reference to the requirements of students engaged in the investigation of the history of English letters and learning, English art and science, English industry and commerce."

Messrs. George H. Richmond & Co., New York, announce for immediate publication "Fadette," translated from the French of George Sand by Miss Jane Minot Sedgwick, with an etched frontispiece by Mr. E. Abot. Twenty-five copies are to be on Japan paper, 250 on Dickinson hand-made and 750 on Windsor hand-made paper, all numbered, and choicely printed at the De-

Vinne Press. It will be remembered that "La Petite Fadette" has been dramatized under the title of "Fanchon the Cricket." The same publishers have in preparation, uniform with "Fadette," a series of George Sand's novels, to be translated by Miss Sedgwick.

Messrs. Copeland & Day (Boston) announce for early publication "The House of Life," a collection of sonnets by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, to be printed from new type resembling that used by Mr. William Morris at his Kelmscott Press, with initials and borders designed by Mr. Bertram Grosvenor Goodhue. They are also the American publishers of Mr. Francis Thompson's Poems; Mr. Oscar Wilde's "Salomé" (Englished edition), with illustrations by Mr. Aubrey Beardsley; and the "Hobby Horse." It may interest the curious to know that the publisher's device to be used by this firm is combined from those used by William Copeland and Richard Day, both noted English printers of the XVI. century—Day's father being John Daye, royal printer to "Bloody Mary."

"Exhibitions" of famous authors are now the fashion in Europe. We have mentioned, during the past year, the Dante and Shelley "exhibitions" held in London, and now have to chronicle a "Faust-Ausstellung" at Frankfurt, in the very house where Goethe was born. Its object is to show the influence of the Faust legend on the intellectual life of Germany. Beginning with the historical Faust, the development of the legend is traced by contemporary accounts, including the various versions, native and foreign, of the *Faustbücher*. The collection includes a vast number of programmes of Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" as well as of Goethe's drama, and copies of all operas, parodies, satires, etc., based on this subject. Among the translations of Goethe's "Faust" are twenty-one English, eighteen French, four Russian, three each of Swedish, Portuguese, and Italian, and one Hebrew, there being sixteen languages in all.

TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

December, 1893.

Archæologist, An American. A. H. Noll. *Dial* (Dec. 16).
 Architecture, Gothic. Reginald Blomfield. *Mag. of Art*.
 Artist among Animals, An. Illus. F. S. Church. *Scribner*.
 Babylonian Exile, The. Julius Wellhausen. *New World*.
 Battle-Ship, The Future. W. T. Sampson. *No. American*.
 Berlioz, Hector. Illus. Ernest Reyer. *Century*.
 Birds at Yule-Tide. Frank Bolles. *Atlantic*.
 Body-Cultivation. Wilton Tournier. *Lippincott*.
 Calumet in Champlain Valley. Illus. G. H. Perkins. *Pop. Sci.*
 Chemistry at the World's Fair. M. Benjamin. *Chautauquan*.
 Child-Study. G. Stanley Hall. *Forum*.
 Chinese Religion, The. C. de Harlez. *New World*.
 Constantinople. Illus. F. Marion Crawford. *Scribner*.
 Costumes on the Stage. Illus. Percy Anderson. *Mag. of Art*.
 Creeds, Ethics of. Alfred Momera. *New World*.
 Crime and Criminals. Arthur MacDonald. *Chautauquan*.
 Democracy in America. F. N. Thorpe. *Atlantic*.
 Earth, Age of the. Warren Upham. *Popular Science*.
 Evolutionary Ethics. Robert Mathews. *Popular Science*.
 Faith, Unity of. John Bascom. *Dial* (Dec. 16).
 Flat-Woods, In the. Bradford Torrey. *Atlantic*.
 French Fables of the Middle Ages. *Chautauquan*.
 Fruit Industry in California. C. H. Shinn. *Pop. Science*.
 Geology. N. S. Shaler. *Chautauquan*.
 Gladstone and Home Rule. A. A. Black. *Chautauquan*.
 Grex, Illus. R. A. M. Stevenson. *Magazine of Art*.
 Harrison, Carter H. Albert Shaw. *Review of Reviews*.
 Hawaii, Annexation of. J. L. Stevens. *No. American*.
 Hawaii, Invasion of. E. T. Chamberlain. *No. American*.
 House of Commons, The. Illus. T. P. O'Connor. *Harper*.

Israel among the Nations. W. E. H. Lecky. *Forum*.
 Italy and Modern Rome. A. Oldrini. *Chautauquan*.
 Lawson, Cecil G. Illus. Heseltine Owen. *Mag. of Art*.
 Literature, Mere. Woodrow Wilson. *Atlantic*.
 Marriage, Theory of. S. W. Dike. *Andover*.
 Maryland, Old. Illus. John W. Palmer. *Century*.
 Mexican Ranch Life. Illus. Frederic Remington. *Harper*.
 Militarism, American. Edward Berwick. *Century*.
 Ministry, The Christian. Prof. Pease. *Andover*.
 Missions and Colonies. C. C. Starbuck. *Andover*.
 Novels, American, Most Popular. H. W. Mabie. *Forum*.
 Old Dominion, The. Illus. Thomas N. Page. *Harper*.
 Parkman, Francis. Julius H. Ward. *Forum*.
 Parliamentary Manners. Justin McCarthy. *No. American*.
 Patent Laws, Our. W. E. Simonds. *No. American*.
 Popularity, Literary. Edgar Fawcett. *Lippincott*.
 Populist Party, Mission of. W. A. Pfeffer. *No. American*.
 Rabbit-Plague, The Australian. J. N. Ingram. *Lippincott*.
 Railroad Accidents in the U. S. and England. *No. American*.
 Religious Parliament, The. C. H. Toy. *New World*.
 Rembrandt. Illus. Mrs. Schuyler van Renesse. *Century*.
 School, The, and Politics. J. M. Rice. *Forum*.
 Scott, Walter, Letters of. *Dial* (Dec. 16).
 Spencer on Beneficence. Paul Shorey. *Dial* (Dec. 16).
 Tariff, A Business-Like. W. J. Coombs. *Forum*.
 Tariff Reduction. A. A. Healey. *Forum*.
 Thoreau and Thos. Cholmondeley. F. B. Sanborn. *Atlantic*.
 Transit, Ideal. *Atlantic*.
 Tyndall, John. *Dial* (Dec. 16).
 Universities, English. E. A. Freeman. *No. American*.
 War Vessels of the U. S. Illus. W. A. Dobson. *Pop. Sci.*
 Western Landscapes. Hamlin Garland. *Atlantic*.
 Whitmaniana. W. M. Payne. *Dial* (Dec. 16).
 Wilson, Sir Daniel. Illus. Horatio Hale. *Pop. Science*.
 Woman, Criminal. Helen Zimmern. *Popular Science*.
 Women in Japan and in America. Lafcadio Hearn. *Atlantic*.
 World's Fair, Results of. Alice Freeman Palmer. *Forum*.
 World's Fair, Results to Chicago. F. H. Head. *Forum*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, embracing 75 titles, includes all books received by THE DIAL since last issue.]

HOLIDAY GIFT BOOKS.

Rembrandt: His Life, his Work, and his Time. By Emile Michel, trans. by Florence Simmonds. Edited by Frederick Wedmore. Illustrated with sixty-seven full-page plates, and two hundred and fifty text illustrations. In two vols., large 4to, uncut. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$15.
 The Masters and Masterpieces of Engraving. By Willis O. Chapin. Illus. with sixty engravings and heliogravures, 4to, gilt top, uncut, pp. 266. Harper & Bros. Boxed, \$10.
 The Cloister and the Hearth; or, Maid, Wife, and Widow: A Matter-of-Fact Romance. By Charles Reade. In two volumes. Illus. by William Martin Johnson. 12mo, gilt tops, uncut. Harper & Bros. Boxed, \$8.
 Lorna Doone: A Romance of Exmoor. By R. D. Blackmore, author of "Clara Vaughn." In two vols., illus. in photogravure, 12mo, gilt tops. Porter & Coates. Boxed, \$6.
 In the Track of the Sun: Readings from the Diary of a Globe Trotter. By Frederick Diodati Thompson. Illus. by Mr. Harry Fenn and from photographs. Quarto, gilt top, uncut, pp. 226. D. Appleton & Co. Boxed, \$6.
 The Pottery and Porcelain of the United States: An Historical Review of American Ceramic Art from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Edwin Atlee Barker. A. M. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 446. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.
 Gyping Beyond the Sea: From English Fields to Salerno Shores. By William Bement Lent. 2 vols., illus. in photogravure, 16mo, gilt tops, uncut. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. \$4.

Poems of Nature. By William Cullen Bryant. Illus. by Paul de Longpré. 8vo, gilt edges, pp. 120. D. Appleton & Co. Boxed, \$4.

A Century of Painters of the English School. By Richard Redgrave, C.B., and Samuel Redgrave. Second edition, illus., 12mo, uncut, pp. 479. Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.75.

Humorous Poems. By Thomas Hood. Illus. by Chas. E. Brock, 16mo, gilt edges, pp. 236. Macmillan & Co. \$2.

Proverbs in Porcelain, to which is added "An Revoir," a Dramatic Vignette. By Austin Dobson. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 112. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$2.

Picciola, The Prisoner of Fenestrella; or, Captivity Captive. By X. B. Saintine. Illus., 12mo, pp. 221. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

From Wisdom Court. By Henry Seton Merriman and Stephen G. Tallentyre. Illus., 16mo, pp. 207. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

The Sistine Madonna: A Christmas Meditation. By Amory H. Bradford. 16mo, pp. 41. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 35 cts.

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Memoirs of a London Doll. Edited by Mrs. Fairstar, illus. by Frank M. Gregory. 2 vols., 16mo, gilt top, uncut. Brentano's. Boxed, \$2.50.

Harper's Young People for 1893. Illus., large 4to, pp. 904. Harper & Bros. \$3.50.

Witch Winnie in Paris; or, The King's Daughters Abroad. By Elizabeth W. Champney, author of "Vassar Girls Abroad." 16mo, pp. 286. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

The Mate of the "Mary Ann." By Sophie Swett, author of "Captain Polly." Illus., 16mo, pp. 235. Harper & Bros. \$1.25.

Half-Hours With Jimmieboy. By John Kendrick Bangs, author of "Tiddleywink Tales." Illus., 16mo, pp. 212. New York: R. H. Russell & Son. \$1.25.

Talks by Queer Folks: More Land and Water Friends. By Mary E. Bamford, author of "Look-About Club." Illus., 12mo, pp. 179. D. Lothrop Co. Boards, \$1.25.

Elsie at Ion. By Martha Finley, author of "Elsie Dinsmore." 16mo, pp. 291. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

Odd Business: High Art in Fun, Frolic, and Fancy, with the Pencil and Quill. By L. J. Bridgman. Illus., 8vo. D. Lothrop Co. \$1.25.

The Princess Margarethe. By John D. Barry. Illus., 12mo, pp. 178. New York: Geo. M. Allen Co. \$1.50.

Under the Nursery Lamp: Songs about the Little Ones. Illus., 16mo, gilt edges, pp. 105. A. D. F. Randolph & Co. Boxed, \$1.50.

Chatterbox for 1893. Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A. Illus., 8vo, pp. 412. Estes & Lauriat. Boards, \$1.25.

Nibsy's Christmas. By Jacob A. Riis, author of "The Children of the Poor." Illus., 16mo, pp. 52. Chas. Scribner's Sons. Boards, 50 cts.

HISTORY.

A Short History of the Renaissance in Italy. Taken from the Work of John Addington Symonds by Lieut. Col. Alfred Pearson. With portrait, 8vo, pp. 374. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$3.75.

Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century. By Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer, author of "France in the Nineteenth Century." Illus., 12mo, pp. 413. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$2.50.

A First History of France. By Louise Creighton, author of "Stories from English History." Illus., 16mo, pp. 301. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

Greece in the Age of Pericles. By Arthur J. Grant. Illus., 16mo, pp. 331. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

Mr. Fish and the Alabama Claims: A Chapter in Diplomatic History. By J. C. Bancroft Davis. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 158. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 75 cts.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

General Thomas. By Henry Coppée, LL.D. With portrait, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 352. Appletons' "Great Commanders." \$1.50.

Henry of Navarre, and the Huguenots in France. By P. F. Willert, M.A. Illus., 12mo, pp. 478. Putnam's "Heroes of the Nations Series." \$1.50.

Memoirs of Chancellor Pasquier. Edited by the Duc D'Audiffret-Pasquier, trans. by Chas. E. Roche. Vol. I., (1789-1810), illus., 12mo, pp. 359. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

A Friend of the Queen (Marie Antoinette—Count de Fersen). By Paul Gault; trans. by Mrs. Cassel Hoey. Illus., 12mo, uncut, gilt top, pp. 371. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.

Saskia, the Wife of Rembrandt. By Charles Knowles Bolton. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 133. T. Y. Crowell & Co. \$1.50.

Two German Giants: Frederick the Great and Bismarck. By John Lord, D.D., author of "Beacon Lights of History." Illus., 16mo, gilt top, pp. 173. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. \$1.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott. In 2 vols. illus., large 8vo, gilt top, uncut edges. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$6.

Literary Recollections and Sketches. By Francis Espinasse. 8vo, uncut, pp. 426. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$4.

Tennyson, Poet, Philosopher, Idealist: Studies of the Life-Work, and Teaching of the Poet Laureate. By J. Cumming Walters, author of "In Tennyson Land." With portrait, 8vo, uncut, pp. 370. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$3.75.

Landmarks of a Literary Life, (1820-1892). By Mrs. Newton Croeland, (Camilla Toulmin), author of "Mrs. Blake." With portrait, 12mo, uncut, pp. 298. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.

The Brontës in Ireland; or, Facts Stranger than Fiction. By Dr. William Wright. Illus., 12mo, pp. 308. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.50.

Ben Jonson. Edited by Brinsley Nicholson, M.D. Vol. I., with portrait, 16mo, uncut, pp. 382. Scribner's "Best Plays of the Old Dramatists." \$1.

The Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry: Lectures Delivered in 1892 on the Percy Turnbull Memorial Foundation in the Johns Hopkins University. By R. C. Jebb, 12mo, gilt top, pp. 257. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

The Beginnings of the English Romantic Movement: A Study in Eighteenth Century Literature. By William Lyon Phelps. 16mo, pp. 192. Ginn & Co. \$1.

Addresses by Prince Serge Wolkonsky. Sq. 16mo, pp. 111. Chicago: J. C. Winship & Co. 50 cts.

The Bookworm: An Illustrated Treasury of Old-Time Literature. 8vo, uncut, pp. 380. A. C. Armstrong & Son. \$3.

POETRY.

Poems. By Thomas William Parsons. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 250. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.

The Humours of the Court, a Comedy, and Other Poems. By Robert Bridges. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 185. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

Specimens of Greek Tragedy. Trans. by Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. In two vols., 16mo, gilt tops, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$2.50.

The First Part of Goethe's Faust. Trans. by Anna Swanwick. Revised edition, illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 167. Macmillan & Co. \$2.

The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri. Trans. into English verse by Thomas William Parsons. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 333. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

FICTION.

Penshurst Castle in the Time of Sir Philip Sidney. By Emma Marshall, author of "Winchester Meads." Illus., 16mo, pp. 325. Macmillan & Co. \$1.50.

Lyndell Sherburne: A Sequel to "Sherburne House." By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "Larry." 16mo, pp. 309. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

A Daughter of this World. By Fletcher Battershall. 16mo, pp. 382. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25.

A Gentleman of France: Being the Memoirs of Gaston de Bonne, Sieur de Marzac. By Stanley J. Weyman, author of "The House of the Wolf." Illus., 12mo, pp. 412. Longmans, Green & Co. \$1.25.

The Face of Death: A Westmoreland Story. By E. Vincent Briton, author of "Amyot Brough." 12mo, pp. 361. Macmillan & Co. \$1.25.

A Motto Changed: A Novel. By Jean Ingelow. 16mo, pp. 208. Harper & Bros. \$1.

- A Woman of Forty: A Monograph.** By Esmé Stuart, author of "Joan Vellacot." 16mo, pp. 302. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.
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- Mademoiselle Miss, and Other Stories.** By Henry Harland (Sidney Luska), author of "Mea Culpa." 16mo, gilt top, pp. 192. Lovell, Coryell & Co. \$1.
- A Daring Experiment, and Other Stories.** By Lillie Devereux Blake, author of "Rockford." With portrait, 16mo, pp. 360. Lovell, Coryell & Co. \$1.

REPRINTS OF STANDARD FICTION.

- Cecilia; or, Memoirs of an Heiress.** By Frances Burney. In three vols., illus., 16mo, gilt tops, uncut. Macmillan & Co. \$3.
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- The Abbot.** By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. With portrait, 16mo, pp. 536. American Book Co. 60 cts.
- Our Village.** By Mary Russell Mitford. 18mo, pp. 348. Chas. L. Webster & Co. 60 cts.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION.

- Old Court Life in Spain.** By Frances Minto Elliott, author of "Old Court Life in France." In two vols., 12mo, uncut. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$7.50.
- Adventures in Mashonaland.** By two hospital nurses, Rose Blennerhassett and Lucy Steeman. 12mo, pp. 340. Macmillan & Co. \$2.50.
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- On Sunny Shores.** By Clinton Scollard. Illus., 16mo, gilt top, pp. 237. Charles L. Webster & Co. \$1.
- Twenty Years at Sea; or, Leaves from My Old Log-Books.** By Frederic Stanhope Hill. 16mo, pp. 273. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.
- Impressions: Sketches of American Life, as observed by a Russian, Prince Serge Wolkonsky.** Sq. 16mo, pp. 127. Unity Pub'g Co. 50 cts.
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